the weekly Standard

FEBRUARY 3, 2003

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GWB & JFK
DAVID GELERNTER

# DETERRENCE & PREVENTION

Why a war against Saddam is crucial to the future of deterrence

BY TOD LINDBERG

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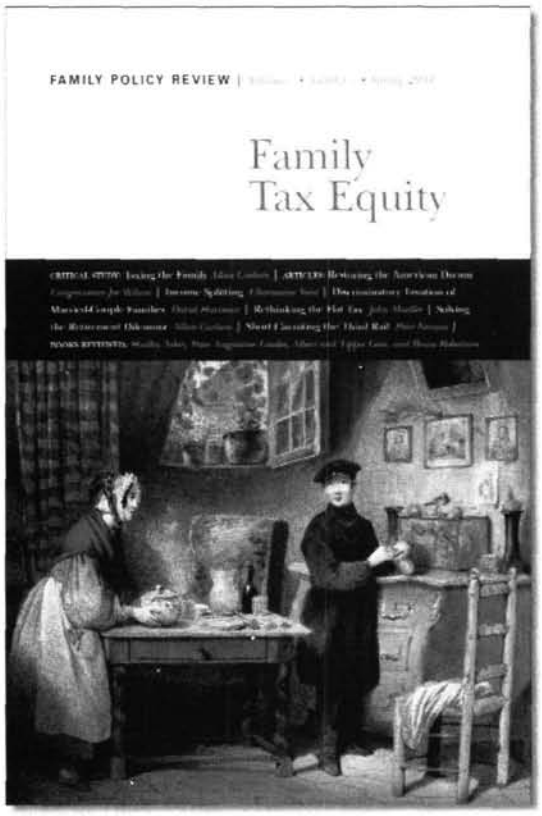


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# Weisbergisms

*Slate* editor Jacob Weisberg has been collecting George W. Bush's slips of the tongue for the last few years—enough to have already published two volumes of "Bushisms." Unfortunately for the Bushism cottage industry, the president's famous malapropisms—"Grecians," "misunderestimated"—have become scarcer. And in a nifty bit of counterprogramming, UCLA law professor Eugene Volokh (maitre d' of a blog called the Volokh Conspiracy) has begun fact-checking *Slate*'s Bushisms on a regular basis, with amusing results. Here's Volokh's latest catch, reproduced from *volokh.blogspot.com*:

***

*Slate*'s Bushism of the Day for [Jan. 21] was this:

"Many of the punditry—of course, not you (laughter)—but other punditry were quick to say, no one is going to follow the United States of America."—Washington, D.C., Jan. 21, 2003.

Now the errors in these Bushisms are supposed to be obvious—look at this silly inarticulate president of ours mangling the English language—but it's not perfectly clear to me what exactly the mistake here really is (unless it's just "other punditry" instead of "others of the punditry," a fairly banal slip).

I suppose the claim must be that "punditry" can refer only to what the pundits are saying, rather than to the pundit class generally; but if that's the claim, it doesn't seem right. A quick LEXIS search found several instances where "punditry" is used the way Bush is using it—the *New York Times*'s Maureen Dowd ("The punditry got all steamed about that . . ."), CNN's John King ("In the media, especially among the punditry . . ."), columnist Paul Greenberg ("It's all part of a familiar pattern among the punditry . . ."), the *American Prospect*'s Nicholas Confessore ("Among the punditry, reports the *Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz, learned analysis of Gore's situation . . . can be summed up thusly . . ."), and others.

More broadly, "-ry" is a suffix that often refers to the class of all people who possess a certain property: cavalry, infantry, yeomanry, tenantry. "Punditry" is a logical application of that rule; and it's to be expected that, especially with voguish words like "pundit," people would apply existing rules to create new terms. Perhaps they shouldn't do so here, because it may create ambiguity (letting punditry mean either what pundits say or pundits themselves as a group). But it's not a Bushism—it's an -ism shared by English speakers generally.

What's left, then, is this: Bush probably starts out to say "Many of the punditry were quick to say, no one is going to follow the United States of America" (just my guess here, but it seems a sensible one). Four words into the sentence, he realizes that this is potentially a little socially uncomfortable, since he's talking to reporters, so he drops in a socially lubricating joke—"of course, not you"—and then when he returns to his point, he inserts an unplanned reference to other pundits, and mistakenly says "other punditry" instead of "others of the punditry."

It's pretty common to make this sort of error when one says something extemporaneously; as I've said before, just read some transcripts some time. Here's one from ABC News, June 30, 2002: "Well, there's another point here, which goes to the politics of the issue, which is, if you do create a lot of choices, those—it's going to include suburban public schools." Here's another from CNN, Nov. 6, 2001: "I think Bill Clinton is still a very popular in New York City and, in particular, he's very popular with African-American voters, and I think the issue of African-American turnout and particularly being key to Mark Green—I've asked the same question."

Both are quotes from the author of Bushisms of the Day; and both are just as newsworthy and just as humorous as Bush's "other punditry" slip, which is to say not newsworthy or humorous at all. ♦

## Vatican vs. the Infidels?

The Vatican is part of old Europe, of course—and we're talking really old Europe. So it's not surprising that Vatican bureaucrats behave and think at times like most other European bureaucrats. The journal *Civiltà Cattolica* recently denounced America's belief in its "messianic vocation." Vatican Radio added that oil and television ratings were driving war with Iraq. The examples go on and on, and they all claim to be taking their cue from the pope himself, who over Christmas called peace "obligatory."

There are a few signs, however, that a small countercurrent might be flowing in Rome. On Jan. 13, in an address to the diplomatic corps, John Paul II renewed his call for peace with Iraq—but he did, for the first time, allow that war could be licit as a "last resort." Of course, he added that such a war could be avoided if nations "began to apply in a straightforward manner the agreements already signed," by which he probably meant things like U.N. protocols and the International Criminal Court. But (notes the watchful Vatican reporter John L. Allen



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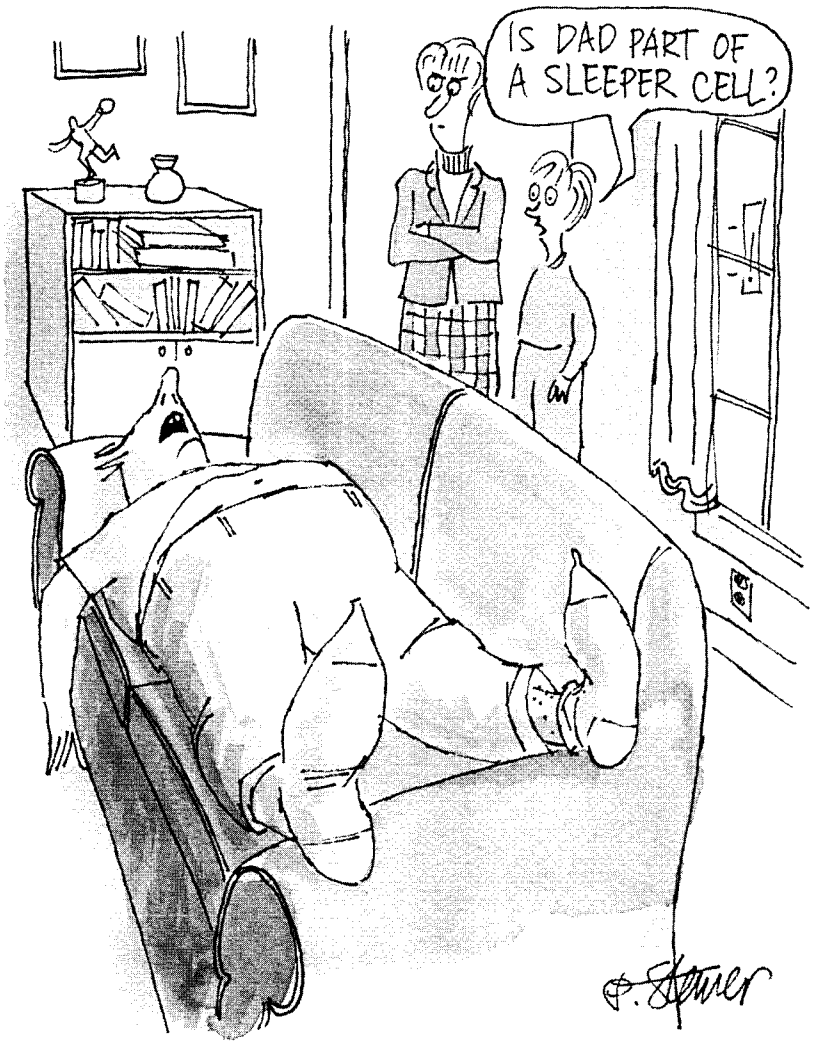


Jr.) U.S. ambassador James Nicholson quickly responded on Vatican Radio that the pope must have been talking about the failure of Iraq and North Korea to abide by their agreements—and thus the pope was in full agreement with President Bush.

We'd say that was just clever spin, were it not for the fact that the Vatican also announced that it will in April beatify Marco d'Aviano, the Capuchin priest who rallied Christians to oppose the Turks' siege of Vienna in 1683. He's famous in Eastern Europe for both his abstract mysticism and his hard-headed practicality in picking the Polish Jan Sobieski to command the Holy League. You can't say that peaceful relations with Islamic countries are the primary motivation behind beatifying someone who led Catholic troops into battle by holding up a crucifix and shouting, "Behold the Cross of the Lord: Flee, enemy bands!"

Meanwhile, in February, Ambassador Nicholson will be bringing the American Enterprise Institute's Michael Novak to Rome for meetings with Vatican officials and to give a lecture on just-war theory and Iraq. We can't decide whether Novak's lecture should begin or end with "Flee, enemy bands!" ♦

## Liberal Just So Stories

In her cover story two weeks ago ("Greed, Oppression, Patriarchy," Jan. 20, 2003), Noemie Emery wrote of the increasingly prevalent depiction of Republicans as "Closet Confederates." The reason for it? "A Republican party that doesn't seem threatening is the great primal fear of the Democrats. Thus the need to portray them as sons of Bull Connor (a Democrat) with the old hoods and the hoses conveniently stored out of sight."

The most recent outbreak of this phenomenon was a tale last week in *Time* magazine about a supposed effort by the Bush White House to truckle to Confederate sympathizers. We won't bore you with the story, since it wasn't true, and since the retraction from *Time* is more amusing. To wit:

"Last week, The article 'Look Away, Dixieland' (Jan. 27) stated that President George W. Bush 'quietly reinstated' a tradition of having the White House deliver a floral wreath to the Confederate Memorial at Arlington National Cemetery—a practice 'that his father had halted in 1990.' The story is wrong. First, the elder president Bush did not, as *Time* reported, end the decades-old practice of the White House delivering a wreath to the Confederate Memorial; he changed the date on which the wreath is delivered from the day that some southern heritage groups commemorate Jefferson Davis's birthday to the federal Memorial Day holiday. Second, according to documents provided by the White House this week, the practice of delivering a wreath to the Confederate Memorial on Memorial Day continued under Bill Clinton as it does under George W. Bush."

As the *Wall Street Journal*'s James Taranto put it, "other than that, the story was true." ♦



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# Casual

## You've Got Junk Mail

It's midnight. I've just gotten home after 12 hours away from a computer, and before going to bed I trudge to the desktop to check my e-mail. As I watch, the little number in parentheses next to the word "Inbox" in my Outlook Express program begins to roll upwards like the point counter on a pinball machine.

I have 121 unread e-mails.

I let out a groan of distress that causes my wife to call to me and ask what on earth is wrong. How can I possibly handle 121 e-mails at midnight? And yet, if I don't deal with them, by morning there will be another 75 on top of those! Will it never end?

Almost everybody I know complains about excessive amounts of e-mail. I don't buy these complaints for a moment. They are the newest manifestation of the peculiarly American habit of complaining about how busy you are.

Remember the 1990s? Man, were we all busy. Too busy to take 45 minutes for lunch, too busy to go to the gym, too busy to do much of anything except work and talk about how busy we were. We had to get to the airport to fly to a meeting. We had a conference on the 15th, an executive retreat on the 17th, and Billy's soccer championship on the 19th.

Oh, it was all just so *exhausting*.

The weariness with which we discussed our busy-ness in the 1990s was a bluff. It was a not-so-subtle way of saying we were in demand. Or that we were important. Or that we were making fortunes. We were strutting like peacocks, and being busy was our plumage.

Now here we are, smack-dab in the middle of the '00s, and we're not so busy any longer. Or, rather, it's no longer considered acceptable to brag about being busy. After all, we've been in an economic slowdown for some time, and we all know people who lost boom-time jobs. Are we going to brag to them about how busy we are? Of course not. They'd strangle us with our laptop cords.

So instead, we whine about our e-mail burden. But come on. It's really no burden. We can't help equating an overstuffed e-mail inbox with a third-grade locker on February 14 that's filled to the top with valentines.

Darren Gygi

Some valentines. Here's what I know about my 121 unread e-mails: More than 100 are unwanted, unneeded, and will go unread. Of those orphans, at least 25 will be unsolicited offers of sexual favors. The language that appears in the "Subject" line of the dirty e-mails is shocking even to me, and I once lived in the middle of pre-Giuliani Times Square on a block that seemed to be the center of the transvestite-prostitute trade in New York. And the photographs? Words fail me.

I could never understand how it was that I became the recipient of so many dirty missives, until somebody explained that it comes from having my e-mail address appear regularly on the web (at the tag end of my newspaper pieces). There are programs that automatically search out any and every such public address, add it to a never-ending mailing list, and bingo! It's porn on the hour.

Also I am regularly offered Viagra, Rogaine, weight-control pills, and antidepressants at low cost. Yes, my own e-mail is essentially accusing me of being impotent, bald, fat, and suicidal. And yet I am happy that it's clogging my inbox.

I now also receive, on a daily basis, e-mails from innumerable relatives of innumerable deposed or dead African potentates. Evidently, these sadly departed or exiled leaders all have tens of millions of dollars in bank accounts. Their relatives inform me that some evildoers want to seize that money.

The relatives ask sheepishly if perhaps they could wire those millions into my bank account for a few days to hide them. Once the evildoers go looking elsewhere, Deposed-Guy Relative will take the money back. For my troubles, I will receive a huge commission. All I have to do is forward my bank account number and the routing number off my checks.

Of course, if I were to do that, I would find my bank account emptied in a matter of minutes—because, let's face it, you can't ever trust a deposed African potentate whose relatives know how to use e-mail.

Last year, according to *Wired* news, 2,600 Americans fell for this scam and found themselves bilked out of $345,000.

But somewhere in the midst of the corruption, greed, and lasciviousness, there's a long missive from my niece in London. A delighted answer by a writer to a fan e-mail I sent him about a piece he wrote. An actual photograph of a baby sleeping atop a sleeping golden retriever.

These are the nuggets of gold for which we all must pan through the slime and dirt of our electronic inboxes. And they're worth it.

**John Podhoretz**



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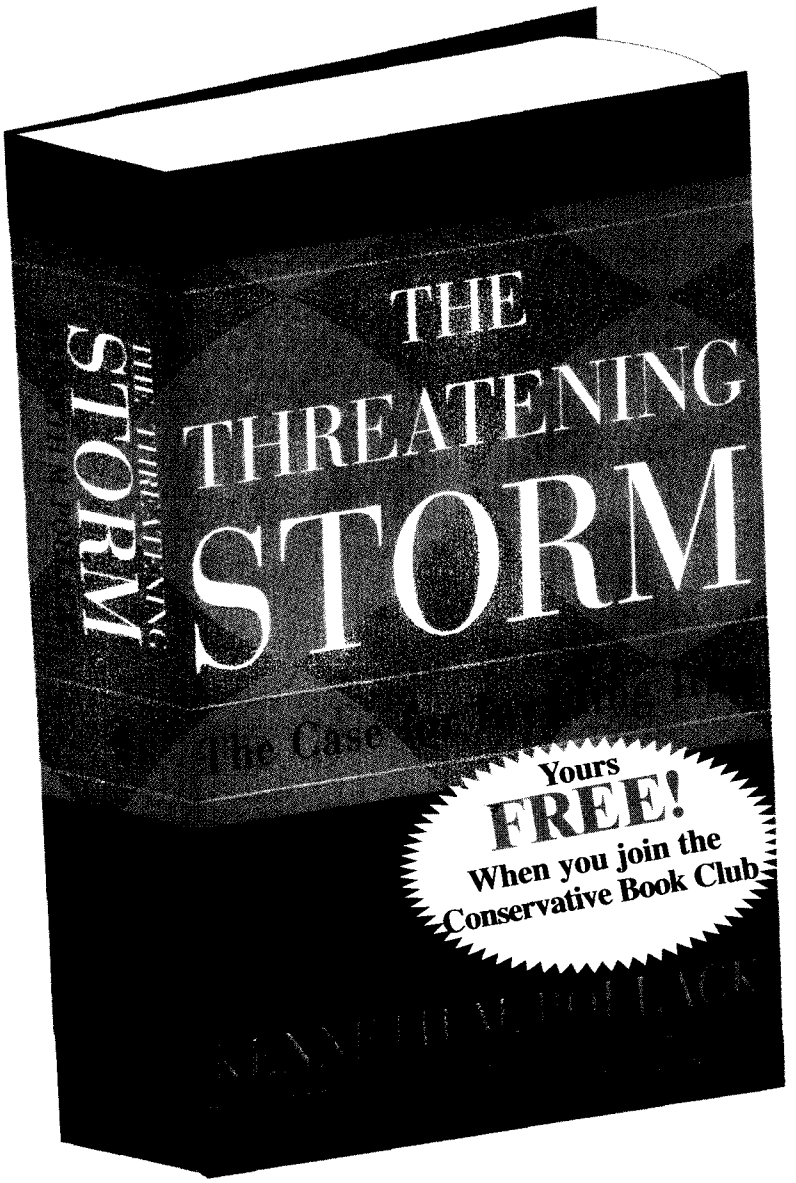
# WHY WE MUST INVADE IRAQ




## THE INSIDE STORY FROM A TOP CIA EXPERT...

*"No one . . . will now be taken seriously on this issue who has not come to grips with the facts and arguments of* ***The Threatening Storm****."*
– National Review

Not convinced that the Bush administration has made its case for war with Iraq?

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In *The Threatening Storm*, Kenneth Pollack, a veteran of the CIA and the National Security Council, presents the evidence that convinced him that we must attack Iraq before Saddam Hussein spreads havoc throughout the world—and possibly even in our own country.

Drawing on his seven years of experience as the CIA's Persian Gulf analyst, Pollack offers a comprehensive overview of the problem of Iraq. He explains how Saddam went from being solidly in the U.S. camp to becoming one of America's most implacable enemies, painting a vivid picture of the true nature of the Iraqi state and society and the real extent of the threat Saddam poses to his region, our nation, and the world.

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## Berets and Butts

In his review of Paul Fussell's *Uniforms*, Martin Levin writes of "the recent attempt by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to cheapen the Army Rangers' exclusive black berets by issuing them to the entire Army" ("Dressing for War," Jan. 20). The decision to issue black berets to the "entire Army" was an internal Army decision made by the Army Chief of Staff, General Eric Shinseki. It's true that General Shinseki, as the Army Chief of Staff, is a member of the Joint Chiefs; however, the decision was an Army decision. Levin continues, "The Rangers protested strongly—and won. (The rest of the Army got tan berets instead.)"

Well, not exactly. If memory serves, the Airborne kept its maroon berets, the Special Forces kept their green berets, and the Rangers got the tan berets (like the SAS, their counterparts in the U.K.), while "the rest of the Army" got black berets.

Levin also mentions General George Patton's "famous pearl-handled revolver." That whirring noise you hear is General Patton spinning in his grave. Patton's revolvers had ivory grips. He is most often quoted as having said: "Only a pimp in a New Orleans whorehouse or a tin-horn gambler would carry a pearl-handled pistol."

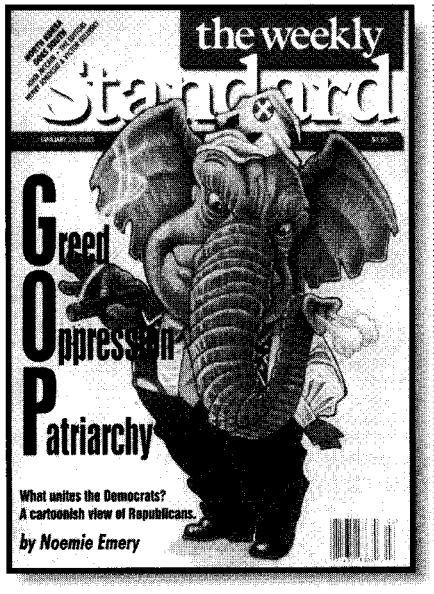
Walter W. Plummer
*Colonel, U.S. Army (Retired)*
*Frederick, MD*

## Kirstein, Again

Peter N. Kirstein proves the validity of Jed Babbin's "When Professors Attack" piece with his expansive and shrill letter to The Weekly Standard's January 20 issue.

Kirstein opens by discussing the "indiscriminate use of high-altitude bombing and the incapacity of our so-called enemies to seriously challenge our airpower." Never mind that "our airpower" is never used indiscriminately and that the inability of our enemies to challenge it stems from having their own anti-air power destroyed first. Kirstein suspects that Babbin is upset that he so sanctimoniously attacks the "sacrosanct military establishment that has brought forth so much devastation and misery to so many peoples throughout the world." No, Babbin is upset because Kirstein is not telling the truth. The military establishment, far from being sacrosanct, has been ruthlessly discriminated against for well over three decades. The devastation and misery he so deplores was not brought forth by the United States, but by our enemies—Soviet-sanctioned North Korea, Soviet-sanctioned North Vietnam, Islamist Iran, Saddam Hussein's Iraq, Soviet-sanctioned Nicaragua and its proxy armies in El Salvador.

Kirstein finishes his screed with the accusation: "I suspect the secretary equates patriotism with blind obedi-




ence." Patriotism is rightly equated with love of country, love of civilization, and respect for the truth. Kirstein displays no respect for truth anywhere in his diatribe.

His hostility to America is, by any objective standard, treasonous. He claims to be a realist, but he is not. Our national security depends on defeating Islamism and the barbarian ideology that spawns terrorism. There is no such thing as "American imperialism." There never has been. To treat "other peoples and cultures who dare diverge from our own with respect and patience" is what brought on the September 2001 slaughters and the endless aggressions against civilization. Certain other peoples and cultures have simply proven themselves barbaric, and are not to be treated with kid gloves.

Kirstein says he wears his suspension as a red badge of courage. That is in keeping with his total lack of respect for truth and honesty.

Michael Daly
*Wakefield, MA*

## Clintonus: Class Clown

Finally, after twenty-odd years, those four years of high school Latin have paid off! Not that anyone takes Latin for especially practical reasons, beyond the verbal SAT, and certainly never for entertainment purposes.

However, if Latin textbooks were written like The Scrapbook item "Clintonus Maximus!" (Jan. 20) instead of in such riveting passages as "Britannia insula est," enrollment would surely skyrocket. Obviously our friends at the *Financial Times* agree.

Thanks for a wonderful laugh. It was worth the wait. Et omnes gaudent!

Amy Gillen Hagemeyer
*Oak Ridge, TN*

## Pepys Goes Online

Just two days after I read Hugh Ormsby-Lennon's "And So to Bed," the enjoyable review of the latest biography of Samuel Pepys (Jan. 20), I stumbled upon *www.pepysdiary.com*. The site, started on January 1 with his first entry, is posting one day's diary entry every day, in "blog" format.

Only 416 weeks to go . . .

John Kranz
*Lafayette, CO*

• • •

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the weekly Standard

# Merci, M. de Villepin

Let us be the first to say it: We owe a debt of gratitude to France, and particularly to its foreign minister, Dominique de Villepin. He has clarified the present geopolitical situation and put an end to illusions. This week M. de Villepin cast aside months of diplomatic pretense and revealed hitherto unspoken truths about French foreign policy:

First, France does not, in fact, seek the disarmament of Iraq or even the elimination of Saddam Hussein's programs for producing weapons of mass destruction. M. de Villepin declared at a meeting of the United Nations Security Council last Monday, "Already we know for a fact that Iraq's weapons of mass destruction programs are being largely blocked, even frozen." The French government thereby acknowledged that Saddam Hussein does indeed have such programs—but according to M. de Villepin France does not consider it necessary for Iraq to do away with them.

Second, it is now clear that the government of France does not, in fact, support implementation of U.N. Security Council Resolution 1441, which it helped negotiate this past November. That resolution stated that Iraq was being given "a final opportunity to comply with its disarmament obligations," obligations that Iraq had agreed to under the terms of the cease-fire ending the Persian Gulf War in 1991 and that it has failed to fulfill for the last dozen years. That resolution also declared that if Iraq failed to comply, it would face "serious consequences," understood by all Security Council members to mean war. Now France has declared that it will not insist on Iraqi compliance or on "serious consequences" for its failure to comply. As M. de Villepin told the Security Council this past Monday, "nothing justifies envisaging military action." Nothing.

Again, we thank M. de Villepin for his candor. It is likely to produce beneficial effects on both sides of the Atlantic. In Europe, France's provocation will have the effect of forcing European governments to choose sides between U.S.-sponsored action to disarm Iraq and French determination to protect Saddam Hussein from American power. We believe that is a healthy thing, in part because it will reveal that France in no way speaks for all European governments, perhaps not even for a majority of them. The United Kingdom, Spain, Italy, Poland, the Czech Republic, Turkey, and other European allies are already committed to supporting an American-led action, and more will join the coalition. An American invasion of Iraq will not be a unilateral action, not by a long shot.

What is more, while European discomfort with American power is a reality, there is discomfort, too, with the aggressive pacifism of Gerhard Schröder and, for now at least, of Jacques Chirac. Nor are all Europeans likely to be entirely comfortable with France's increasingly notable propensity to appease vicious dictators, not just Saddam but also Robert Mugabe, whom the French have just invited to Paris in apparent violation of a European Union travel ban. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld raised a furor in Paris and Berlin last week when he contrasted the "old Europe" of France and Germany to the "new Europe" of Poland, the Czech Republic, and other recent entrants into the European Union. The sputtering outrage at Rumsfeld's remarks in Paris and Berlin is, we suspect, a sign of anxiety that the new entrants cannot be counted on to follow the Franco-German lead against the United States.

More important, however, is the clarifying effect that the French position will have on the American debate. For several months now, a great swath of the American foreign policy elite, both Democrats and Republicans, have been trying to finesse the question of what to do about Iraq. They have been insisting that any military action by the United States has to be undertaken with the authority of the U.N. Security Council. Those who hold this view have considered Secretary of State Colin Powell their great champion. And they considered Powell's negotiation of Security Council Resolution 1441 to be a great victory for the multilateralist approach, not only potentially providing the United States with the legitimacy of U.N. authorization for any war but also opening the possibility of achieving the disarmament of Iraq peacefully.

For months, proponents of this approach enjoyed the



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luxury of not having to choose between their professed devotion to a multilateralist foreign policy and their professed commitment to disarm Iraq. Their position allowed the appearance of toughness and resolve—"These weapons must be dislodged from Saddam Hussein, or Saddam Hussein must be dislodged from power," Senator Joe Biden declared last July—while also providing a good vantage point for attacking "hawks" and "unilateralists" and "neo-conservatives." Anyone who suggested that a new round of U.N. inspections would not work, as Vice President Dick Cheney did in August, was demonized as a warmonger. Anyone who suggested that the United States did not necessarily need Security Council authorization to legitimize the removal of Saddam Hussein from power, and who pointed out that the United States likely could not obtain such authorization, was denounced as a "unilateralist" determined to destroy world order. And for some there was another great advantage: Those who opposed war against Iraq under any circumstances, but who for political reasons did not want to admit it, could hide behind the demand for "multilateralism." If the French agreed, they argued, the United States could go to war. No one was forced to answer the question: What if, despite everything, the French did not agree?

The French have put an end to that game. It is now likely that U.N. Security Council authorization for war will be unobtainable, regardless of whether Saddam complies with Resolution 1441. Therefore, American politicians and the foreign policy elite will have to make clear, once and for all, whether or not they support the disarming of Iraq and the removal of Saddam's regime from power, by force, and without U.N. authorization. There can be no more obfuscation.

Most important perhaps, the faux-hawkish multilateralists will not be able to hide behind Colin Powell anymore. Secretary Powell has taken a clear stand. Having given Saddam one last chance to disarm peacefully, and having sincerely tried to work with the French, Powell is ready to move forward with the disarmament of Iraq by force and without a new U.N. authorization. In response to French and German demands to give more time to the inspectors, Powell last week insisted, "Inspections will not work." (We wonder if Powell will now suffer the same widespread condemnation that Cheney did when he said just this five months ago.)

As Powell argues, it would be ridiculous now to extend the time for inspections. If Saddam had intended to disarm he already would be doing so. Powell voiced appropriate skepticism about the real intentions of those who are asking that the inspectors be given more time. In an obvious reference to the French government, Powell wondered aloud "whether they're serious about bringing it to a conclusion at some time."

We wonder the same thing about some American politicians. For while Powell and his deputy, Richard Armitage, have reacted with consistency and integrity to the turn of events both in Baghdad and at the Security Council, some prominent leaders of what until now might have been called the Powell camp in Congress seem to have abandoned the secretary of state. Thus Senator Chuck Hagel is still pleading, *à la française*, for the inspectors to be given more time. "Let's wait and give the inspectors an opportunity to work this through," Hagel argued this past week, without even bothering to hint at how much more time they should be given. And Hagel went on to argue that it would be "a huge mistake if the president went forward without the support of our allies and the consent of the United Nations."

The funny thing is, Hagel professed to have a different view back in September. Then he argued that "if we run the diplomatic track . . . and in the end we cannot get a Security Council resolution, then the United States has exhausted all the means, diplomatic means and channels, and then we'll make a call. And if, in fact, we find at the end of the day that the Brits and the Turks and others are with us, then we'll have the option to do that." Four months later, the Bush administration, under Powell's lead, has done precisely what Hagel demanded. And, indeed, "the Brits and the Turks and others are with us," just as Hagel suggested. But lo and behold, now it is not enough for Hagel after all. He still opposes war without "the consent of the United Nations," a consent everyone knows will probably not be forthcoming. Wouldn't it be simpler if Hagel, and others who share his view, simply dropped the pretense? For them, as for the French, it isn't about disarming Saddam. They just oppose the war.

And it isn't even about multilateralism. As Powell points out, and as we and others have pointed out many times, with or without a U.N. Security Council Resolution, the United States will not "go it alone" in Iraq. When the president announces that the United States is going to war, and the attack begins, the United States will have many allies indeed: in addition to the nations already mentioned, Arab states like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, and probably others. Australia has already begun sending troops, even though the Australians live thousands of miles away from the zone of crisis.

We would prefer it if France and Germany also joined forces with the United States in common defense of international security. We would prefer it if the U.N. Security Council supported war against Saddam. But most of all we want to see the United States and a coalition of willing partners take the action necessary to defend and preserve international security. The international situation has clarified. The case against Saddam is clear-cut. The Bush administration is, finally, united around the need for military action. Now the president, who has led us to this point, can give the word.

*—Robert Kagan and William Kristol*



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# Safe, Legal, and Stigmatized

## The unsung accomplishment of the pro-life movement. BY FRED BARNES

A STIGMA. THAT'S THE GREAT achievement of the pro-life movement: Having an abortion once again carries a stigma. The legal right to an abortion is one that almost no one boasts of exercising. Abortion is a medical procedure that fewer and fewer doctors and hospitals want to perform and not many medical schools want to teach. Even the word "abortion" is rarely spoken by its advocates nowadays. The National Abortion Rights Action League has changed its name to the less explicit NARAL Pro-Choice America. And politicians, particularly Democrats, talk about "a woman's right to choose" without saying what the choice involves. Senator John Edwards of North Carolina told a NARAL gathering last week that "the important thing" about a woman "wrestling with a decision" is that "she and she alone has the right to make her choice." Her choice of what? He didn't say.

Those who claim there's a pro-abortion consensus in America are wrong. Attorney General John Ashcroft has said *Roe* v. *Wade* is settled law, but he's wrong too. Pro-lifers are winning, but very gradually and incrementally, and they're not winning what they had hoped to. Their goal is to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, which would let each state decide its own abortion law, or to ban abortion outright by constitutional amendment. The prospect of either of those outcomes happening is nil at the moment. Instead, there's a new consensus in favor of sharp restrictions on abortion. This is why Kate Michelman of NARAL looks perpetually stressed. This is why Faye Wattleton, the former head of Planned Parenthood and now president of the Center for Gender Equality, finds it "disturbing" that women are becoming more conservative and religious. It means more of them support these restrictions.

Jay Mallin / PictureDesk

*NARAL's Kate Michelman greets the Democratic candidates.*

The most telling shift, though, is not in public opinion but in the actions of pregnant women. Backers of legalized abortion say the decline in the number of abortions from 1.6 million to 1.3 million a year is due to greater use of contraceptives. Maybe that has something to do with it. More important is the fact that a growing percentage of women who've become pregnant reject abortion and have the baby. This represents a cultural shift, a small one perhaps, but indicative of the stigma now attached to abortion.

Another factor is the explosion of crisis pregnancy centers across the country. They take in pregnant women, discourage them from having abortions, and care for them through childbirth and afterwards. The latest count of such centers is more than 3,000, but that's probably low. People start them with little money and a few volunteers. A friend of mine, Jim Wright, who works in commercial real estate in Falls Church, Virginia, opened one called Birthmothers a few years ago. He quickly built up a group of financial supporters, hired a director and a small staff, and now takes care of dozens of women. Imagine what Michelman and Wattleton must think when they see crisis pregnancy centers popping up everywhere and advertising in the Yellow Pages.

Pro-lifers, including me, have always been suspicious of politicians who balked at concentrating on the banning of abortion, arguing the culture must change first. But it turns out the queasy pols may have had it right. We just couldn't see it until the culture actually began changing. The change is especially evident among young people. Focus groups have found them to be surprisingly tilted against abortion. A poll of college freshmen in 1996 found that only half backed efforts to keep abortion legal, down from 65 percent in 1990.

It's taken years—plus this small but real cultural shift—but Republicans finally understand that opposing abortion often helps them politically. It took years because Lee Atwater, President Bush senior's political adviser, had sold the party on the notion that whenever the abortion issue is on the table in any form it hurts Republicans. The Atwater axiom was notably untrue in Senate races last fall. In a Fox poll on Election Day in Missouri, 17 percent of voters said abortion was the issue

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that mattered most. Eighty percent of them voted for Republican Jim Talent, who defeated Democratic senator Jean Carnahan. In the Minnesota Senate race, 14 percent said abortion was their paramount issue, and 81 percent of them voted for Republican Norm Coleman, who beat former Vice President Walter Mondale, a strong backer of the right to an abortion.

For now, the abortion issue is right where Republicans want it. President Bush is pushing this year to enact a ban on partial-birth abortion and on human cloning of any sort. He has an excellent shot at winning the first, a better than even chance on the second. I once asked GOP senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania why the partial-birth issue was so significant in turning the debate on abortion. "You can see the baby," he said. The baby is partly outside the mother's womb when this procedure takes place (the baby's brain is sucked out and its head crushed). Bush notably didn't mention overturning *Roe* v. *Wade* when he spoke by phone to the pro-life rally in Washington on January 22. He's said as much before, but why repeat that now? That would only complicate the politics of abortion and give Democrats something to rage about.

With their lockstep allegiance to pro-choice groups and feminists, Democrats are in a corner on abortion. They're leery of all the popular restrictions: on partial-birth abortion, late-term abortion, parental consent, informed consent. Only one of the six Democratic presidential candidates who appeared before a NARAL audience last week opposes partial-birth abortion—Richard Gephardt. And he didn't mention it. The loudest pro-choicer was Gov. Howard Dean of Vermont, who seemed to regard adoption and abortion as morally equivalent alternatives. That pleased the NARAL crowd, and none of his Democratic rivals called him on it. Before an audience of average voters, Democrat or Republican, he wouldn't have fared so well. There, the stigma would apply. ♦

# Time Is Running Out

## The Bush administration speaks with a single voice on Iraq. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

By the end of last week, months' worth of Bush administration talk about Iraq had been reduced, really, to one talking point: Time is running out.

Senior administration officials had spent a good deal of time debating their public relations strategy for this past week. They had in mind a significant build-up to the important prewar trifecta coming up—the report from U.N. inspectors on the status of Saddam Hussein's disarmament on Monday, the president's State of the Union address on Tuesday, and the week-long discussion at the U.N. Security Council of whether to use force in Iraq. According to several sources, the president himself decided on the language of that final talking point and may even have revealed some pride of authorship when he spoke to reporters last Tuesday.

"He's not disarming," Bush said. "He's giving people the runaround. And, as many of my advisers said on TV this week, time is running out."

That wasn't the message Hans Blix wanted to hear. Earlier this month, the chief U.N. weapons inspector spoke of "containment" and said publicly that his January 27 progress report would be the beginning, not the end, of his evaluation of Iraqi disarmament. His nuclear counterpart, Mohammed el-Baradei, said he would need months to complete his inspections. By mid-January, the world was talking about a second report this spring and inspections throughout the summer.

That all ended last week with an administration-wide campaign to persuade the world that Saddam Hussein must be disarmed. The world wasn't persuaded. Before the effort had even begun in earnest (it was set to kick off with a speech from Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage on Tuesday), French foreign minister Dominique de Villepin signaled that his country wasn't on board.

Villepin's announcement came last Monday at the U.N., and it was widely viewed within the Bush administration as a setup. The meeting was supposed to have been a relatively routine discussion of terrorism among U.N. representatives from member nations. But the French asked for and received a "ministerial"—diplomat-speak for a meeting among the top foreign policy officials from each country.

Secretary of State Colin Powell showed up expecting little in the way of fireworks when Villepin uncorked his surprise: The French want more time for inspectors and will not support the disarming of Saddam Hussein by force. "Nothing justifies cutting off inspections to enter into war and uncertainty." While the timing of Villepin's announcement might have been unexpected, its substance couldn't have come as a complete shock. The French have long carried Iraq's water on the Security Council, and for several years have hinted that they would like to see an end to sanctions. And in 1999, after the first U.N. inspection team (UNSCOM) was disbanded because of Iraqi intransigence, France even refused to vote in favor of creating the new, dramatically weaker inspection regime (UNMOVIC) now roaming the Iraqi desert.

According to an aide, Powell was

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"livid" after the episode Monday. He berated Villepin by telephone on Tuesday, in what Powell diplomatically called "a candid and honest forthright exchange of views." His public comments were more reserved. "I did not know that Minister de Villepin was going to go out and sort of let his press conference get totally devoted to this," he said. "Unfortunately, it overwhelmed what the purpose of the conference was all about and so it might have been better for the French to have not focused it that way."

If the original plan was to convince Saddam Hussein and our would-be allies that "time is running out," that message took on greater urgency after the dust-up with France. Armitage gave a strong speech documenting the Iraqi regime's "apparatus of lies." Powell, in an interview with several regional newspapers, was resolute. "The question isn't, how much longer do you need for inspections to work," he declared. "Inspections do not work." Still, Powell publicly held out hope that the French could be swayed to endorse a war to disarm Saddam Hussein, and other administration officials privately said the same thing.

On Wednesday, President Bush implicitly challenged the French, who had been joined in their skepticism by the Germans, Russians, and Chinese. He used the language of U.N. Resolution 1441, approved by all four, which promised "serious consequences" for continued Iraqi noncompliance. "And should that path be forced upon us, there will be serious consequences. There will be serious consequences for the dictator of Iraq. And there will be serious consequences for any general soldier who were to use weapons on our troops or on innocent lives."

By Thursday, however, no one in the Bush administration entertained any illusion that the French and the others were serious about those consequences. That afternoon, Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz spoke at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City. The speech, "What Disarmament Looks Like," contrasted past successful disarmament efforts with the decade of Iraqi deception. The second half of his speech read like a bulleted list of Iraqi noncompliance and was the strongest case against Saddam made by an administration official since President Bush's address to the U.N. General Assembly.

At the same time, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and Powell went to Capitol Hill to share intelligence on Iraq with the Senate. The administration officials consulted with senators, and at one point asked their views about what intelligence should be made available to the public. Sources say the briefing involved intelligence on Iraqi weapons of mass destruction and ties between the Iraqi regime and al Qaeda.

Some of that intelligence is likely to end up in the State of the Union on Tuesday. The president will use that speech to begin to make the case for war in Iraq, administration officials say, but he will wait until after the Security Council meetings later in the week to finish it.

Few, if any, of the administration officials who deal with Iraq now believe war can be avoided. Perhaps the clearest indication of American intentions came last week when President Bush warned Iraqi soldiers against fighting for Saddam. "Should any Iraqi officer or soldier receive an order from Saddam Hussein or his sons or any of the killers who occupy the high levels of their government," the president said, "my advice is don't follow that order." ♦


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# For Richer, For Poorer

## The best part of the Bush tax plan you've never heard about. BY DAVID BLANKENHORN

EDMUND L. ANDREWS, the "Economic View" columnist for the *New York Times*, is annoyed. It seems that President Bush won't stick with the plan favored by Andrews and most experts for reducing the marriage penalty in the federal tax code. "The big winners," he complains, "are the Ozzie and Harriets." Andrews is bothered for bad reasons, but it's true that President Bush has changed his proposal, and therein hangs a small but revealing tale.

There are two basic approaches to reducing the marriage penalty. Call them Plan A and Plan B. Plan A, by far the more widely credentialed, was brought to prominence in 1994 by Newt Gingrich and the House Republicans in their Contract With America, and is now viewed as conventional wisdom by the *New York Times*, supply-side Republicans, feminists, European-influenced social democrats, most economists, and the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office.

Here's their argument. About half of U.S. couples, including most one-earner couples, receive a marriage "bonus," paying less in taxes as a married couple than they would have paid as two unrelated individuals. But about 40 percent of couples incur a marriage penalty, paying an average of about $1,400 per year more in taxes than they would have paid if they had been taxed as separate individuals. This is unfair. Two-earner couples are particularly likely to incur this penalty, since their joint income-tax returns typically push them into a higher tax bracket.

Peter Stoner

If this is the problem, there are several ways to fix it, or at least reduce it. One way is to permit the married couple to claim a tax credit equal to the amount of the marriage penalty incurred. Another way is to permit married couples to file their returns singly, as if they were unrelated individuals, or jointly, whichever would result in the lower tax burden. This solution was proposed by Congressional Republicans throughout the 1990s and came very close to becoming law. It was endorsed by supply-side economists, who recognized that moving toward individual taxation would encourage more mothers to enter the paid labor force and thereby boost economic growth, and by feminists, who recognized the same thing. Yet another version of Plan A is to give a special tax credit to two-earner married couples. This solution was proposed by candidate George W. Bush when he ran for president in 2000, and just about everyone thought it was a good idea.

Except for a few malcontents insisting on Plan B. This approach has been favored by a small number of marriage buffs (including your author) whose big idea is to support marriage, and several grass-roots organizations, most notably the Family Research Council, one of whose big ideas is to support at-home mothers.

Here's our argument. All the talk about bonuses and penalties is largely misguided, a sign of having asked the wrong question. Plan A assumes that the underlying standard for tax fairness is individual filing, and that the basic question is whether a married couple pays less (gets a "bonus") or more (pays a "penalty") than they would have paid if they had remained single and filed separately. But for married couples, the real question is whether the tax code recognizes what marriage is.

When two people marry, they cease to be simply two separate individuals. In so many areas of life, including the economic, the two become one. From a policy perspective, the objective is not to treat them as if they were single, but to *treat them as married!* In par-

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ticular, which spouse has earned which sum in the paid labor force is not the main issue. Every day, spouses cooperate, trade off, give freely to each other, and specialize according to talent and inclination. For this reason, the tax code should treat the married couple as a true partnership, in which the two spouses share equally and to which they are viewed as making equal contributions. If this is the goal, one (but not the only) way to get there is to permit income-splitting for married couples. At tax time, the couple would add up their income and divide by two, so that effectively each spouse would be taxed on half.

Whereas Plan A would reward individual financial autonomy and greater participation in the paid labor force, Plan B would recognize the fact of spousal interdependence and offer a measure of protection for non-market work, such as raising children. Both plans would get rid of what Plan A calls the marriage penalty, but only Plan B would do so in a way that corresponds to the reality of the marital bond. Both plans would reduce the tax burden on marriage, but Plan B in principle leads to a broader, across-the-board reduction.

Until fairly recently, George W. Bush and most Republicans solidly backed Plan A. But by the time of the tax cut of 2001, most House Republicans had switched to Plan B. The Senate eventually went along, and President Bush signed into law that year a long-term plan to reduce the marriage penalty that contradicted his own campaign proposal from the previous year and that, while not pure income-splitting and far from perfect, clearly pleased the marriage buffs and the defenders of at-home mothers. Now, as part of his 2003 tax package, President Bush wants to speed up the implementation of that Plan-B style reform.

That's why Edmund Andrews of the *New York Times* smells a rat. In his January 19 column, he patiently explains bonuses and penalties, as if there were no other way of thinking about the issue. For him, the meaning of marriage is not even a topic, and so there is no philosophy to discuss, only political intrigues to uncover. He points to the "surprisingly intense political battle waged by influential conservative groups" to distort the original proposal, and, amazingly, ends up blaming almost everything on Phyllis Schlafly, that "indefatigable foe of feminism." Poor guy. An interesting debate about marriage just took place, and apart from his sneering reference to "Ozzie and Harriet" families, he can hardly say what it was about. ♦

# Tony the Lionhearted

## Blair discovers it's not easy being pro-American in Europe. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

*London*

IF A DILEMMA HAD more than two horns, Tony Blair would be impaled on all of them. He has to please his electorate, but only 15 percent agree with him that if a war is necessary to disarm Saddam Hussein, war it will be (with or without a new U.N. resolution). He has to please his European allies, but they are dead set against aligning themselves with America. He has to spend an enormous amount of time and energy on foreign affairs, although voters are calling for him to pay more attention to domestic matters. He has to retain his grip on his Labour party, but increasing numbers of its members favor peace at almost any price.

All of which will make this week's meeting with President Bush—a "council of war," as the British press puts it—of crucial importance to Blair's political standing at home, and to his ability to continue to stand "shoulder to shoulder" with America, as he puts it, in the war on terror.

There can be no mistaking the prime minister's determination to stand with us. In the face of mounting anti-Americanism at home, he called more than 100 of his ambassadors and high commissioners to London to tell them, "We are the ally of the U.S. not because they are powerful, but because we share their values." Last week, in what can only be described as a bravura, two-and-a-half hour appearance before 28 chairmen of parliamentary committees, he added, "I don't think it is actually particularly in the British character to think—well, let's go to the back of the line and hide away." Great stuff; almost Churchillian.

Blair knows enough history to remember Churchill's fate—turned out of office less than three months after victory in the European phase of World War II. And that of Anthony Eden, who was turned out of No. 10 by his own party after mounting an unsuccessful war against another Middle Eastern despot, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, in an attempt to retake the Suez Canal. He knows, too, that his parliamentary party includes a substantial number of America-haters.

So include Blair's profile among those whose courage deserves our admiration. Robust pro-Americanism just isn't the route to popularity with Britain's chattering and political classes these days. Neither is a willingness to send troops into harm's way in support of an American attack on Iraq. Blair has campaigned to rally support for his position, causing the left-wing

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*Guardian* to snort, "Persuading people of the need for war is almost his full-time job. He is like John Wesley, touring the land, speaking to whomever will harken. . . . But unlike a preacher, he hears few 'Hosannas!'"

True enough. While 85 percent of Brits oppose the use of force unless there is a further U.N. resolution, Dr. Rowan Williams, the new archbishop of Canterbury, probably won't be persuaded even by a new resolution: He signed a declaration calling war against Iraq "illegal and immoral." And 69 percent of local Labour party chairmen say they expect members to leave the party if Britain goes to war.

There is worse. Leaders of the opposition Tories, a party that until now could be counted on to support Blair's backing of America, tell me that their backbenchers are restless, and want to distance themselves from the prime minister's position on Iraq. Douglas (now Lord) Hurd, who served as foreign secretary under Margaret Thatcher, has added his name to the "voices against war." Hurd lends Tory respectability to Labour peaceniks.

To the resistance from the clergy and within his own party, and to waning support from the Tories, add the prime minister's problems with his European friends. It is important to keep in mind that one of Blair's greatest ambitions is to be "at the heart of Europe." He believes that by its standoffishness, Britain has squandered opportunities to influence the direction of the European Union. He is firmly convinced that his ability to win a place in history as a great prime minister depends on ending the British attitude best summarized in that old joke, "Fog in channel; continent cut off."

So it causes this prime minister great pain that his support for America has created a rift not only with many in his party and with the clergy (Blair is deeply religious), but with his European colleagues. Just last week, the French warned him that they might veto any Anglo-American-inspired resolution that held Saddam to be in material breach of U.N. resolutions. Dominique de Villepin, the French foreign minister, called military action a "dead end" and told his British counterpart, Jack Straw, that the return of weapons inspectors to Iraq means Saddam's weapons programs are "largely blocked or even frozen."

Germany, with no veto power to use as a club, said it would never participate in an attack on Iraq. Joschka Fischer, Germany's foreign minister, predicted that war will have "disastrous consequences for long-term regional stability." This, of course, is the logical

Tony Blair

REUTERS

extension of the anti-Americanism that was a key plank in the reelection platform of his boss, Chancellor Gerhard Schröder, struggling to survive in the face of double-digit unemployment and a completely moribund economy. It seems that anti-Americanism is the last refuge of beleaguered European politicians, Tony Blair being the honorable exception.

Opposition from the French and Germans might not matter too much to President Bush, who reacted with ill-concealed annoyance to French and German opposition in the U.N. and to their blocking of any decision by NATO to prepare support for our military build-up in the Gulf. But it is a lot harder for the British prime minister than for the American president to fly in the face of European opposition. He knows that he is jeopardizing his cherished dream of putting Britain at the heart of Europe by taking a stance that is not only different from that of most other European countries, but—worse still—aligns him with the American hegemon whose worldwide power and cultural influence so riles the E.U.

Blair also knows that if the French go through with their threat to veto a new resolution, and if he nevertheless joins the United States in attacking Iraq, he will be going against the will of most of Britain's voters. Not to worry, he says in private, he will do the right thing. Blair is haunted by the thought that, had he been able to persuade the United States and Europe to move more rapidly in Kosovo, thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of lives might have been spared. And he takes comfort from the fact that in the end the slaughter was brought to an end by NATO forces acting without the authority of any U.N. resolution.

Equally important, the prime minister's advisers are reminding him that once British forces are in action, the British people rally round the flag and their prime minister. Important figures in the Labour party insisted to me a few days ago that the only reason Margaret Thatcher won reelection after her first term in office was her successful conduct of the Falklands War.

Until a war starts, though, Blair will remain a prime minister scratching for support at home. And not only because of his insistence on standing with America on the question of Iraq. He has lost popularity and credibility because he and his Labour colleagues have failed to deliver on many of their campaign promises. London is now a far more dangerous city than is New York, in part because Blair's chancellor has told judges not to mete out jail terms to convicted bur-



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glars for first and second offenses. Illegal immigrants and bogus asylum seekers, some now found to be active in terror rings, are entering in numbers that the government is unable to control, to the consternation of taxpayers who end up footing the bill for the housing and other welfare benefits they receive. The National Health Service is a shambles, a 20 percent increase in funding having produced only a 1 percent rise in the number of cases handled, no surprise since the number of administrators among its over-one-million workers exceeds the number of hospital beds. The firemen are on strike, seeking a 40 percent wage increase, forcing Blair to assign troops to cover for the absent firefighters; many of these soldiers and airmen would otherwise already be on their way to the Middle East.

To add to Blair's woes, his decision to commit fully one quarter of Britain's army to the Gulf took even his supporters by surprise; most people guessed that he would send only a token force, as a low-risk show of support for America. The bad news is that the 30,000 troops are paying the price for the priorities of Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, Gordon Brown. In order to satisfy the appetites of the public service unions, Brown short-changed the military. Only last week was the Ministry of Defence able to place "surge orders" for 30,000 desert-worthy boots (standard-issue boots are so unsuitable for desert war that many soldiers have bought their own) and 90,000 pairs of lightweight trousers.

Britain is counting on its tank units to make the most significant contribution to any joint effort. Iraqi Soviet-era T72s are no match for Britain's Challenger 2s, operated by the 7th Armoured Brigade, the famous "Desert Rats" who bested Field Marshall Erwin Rommel's Afrika Corps in World War II, driving the Nazis out of Africa. In one of those strange quirks of history, the Brits have been honing their skills on the Bergen-Hohne training grounds, adjoining the old Belsen concentration camp, the same grounds Rommel used to train his men. Unfortunately, Germany's fields aren't the Iraqi desert, and the Challenger 2s, designed to hold back a Russian advance across Europe, tended during maneuvers in the Middle East to stall when clogged with sand. Blair has been told by his military advisers that the "desertification" filters being added to the tanks while they are en route to Kuwait will cure the problem. He hopes that they are right, and that they are not the same people who equipped his forces with the frequently malfunctioning SA80A2 rifle and near-obsolete Clansman radio equipment.

Not that all is a mess. Brits take pride in the fact that their troops will be better fed than their American comrades. Our guys rely on MREs—meals ready to eat—that are close to fast food. British soldiers will have a variety of rations, which they often spice up with "their own stocks of curry powder, chillies and herbs to add flavour to the Lancashire hotpot or chicken pasta . . . that would cost . . . a handsome sum if served on bone China in St James's," according to the *Times*. And they are proud of the fact that while "U.S. ships and units are drier than a minibar in a Riyadh hotel," their soldiers and sailors will have rations ranging from "Boddington's [bitters] for the poor bloody infantry to Bombay gin for the most senior members of the Service." The class system lives, and thrives, even in the desert.

Meanwhile, the recent discovery that terror networks have used and are using "Londonistan" as their base has been a mixed blessing for Blair. Illegal immigrants, many of them North Africans trained in the civil war in Algeria, circulate freely, using local mosques as their headquarters. But so wedded is the U.K. to preserving warm relations with its Muslims that when the police last week raided the infamous Finsbury mosque and found weapons, false passports, and other paraphernalia of terror rings, police officers wore paper shields over their shoes so as not to offend religious sensibilities.

And so wedded to the letter of Europe's Human Rights Act are Britain's courts that they have refused to deport to Afghanistan a Taliban fighter who fled to the U.K. after fighting against British and American forces, on the grounds that he might be prosecuted if returned home! The French are less fastidious in these matters, and have simply "derogated"—i.e., declared inoperative—the relevant clause of the Human Rights Act, enabling them to ship suspected terrorists back to their home countries.

The internal threat does allow Blair to point to a clear and present danger at home, and to warn that a terror attack is "inevitable," making it in Britain's vital interest to disarm Saddam so that his weapons of mass destruction do not find their way into the hands of the Muslim fanatics so active here. But it also raises questions as to his government's ability to cope with homemade terrorism, and allows Blair's critics to charge that his devotion to disarming Iraq is diverting attention from the more urgent task of homeland security.

All of which means that President Bush must recognize that Tony Blair circa January 2003 is in a somewhat different position from Tony Blair circa September 2001. He is weaker at home, and has far less support for his policy of standing shoulder-to-shoulder with America. Bush should also understand that the memory of Suez will be the ghost at the banquet this week at Camp David. Blair knows that once a war starts, America will call the shots, and if things go wrong it is he as well as Bush who will pay the price. Responsibility without power is never attractive for a national leader, but that will be Blair's lot when the shooting starts.

It would certainly be helpful to an ally who is risking a great deal if the president were to find a way to emphasize that Blair's loyalty has enabled the prime minister to influence in a major way the making and execution of policy. It could be helpful if Blair were to come home from Washington looking less like an American poodle and more like a British lion. ♦



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# Mrs. Euro's Mideast Adventure

## The "face of Europe" is awfully unattractive.

BY CLAIRE BERLINSKI

Gretta Duisenberg with Arafat

REUTERS

WIM DUISENBERG, the president of the European Central Bank, is the most powerful man in Europe, at least among men without troops. His decisions affect the economic future of 300 million Europeans; 20 percent of the world's goods and services are produced in the currency zone over which he presides. He is responsible for the success or failure of Europe's monetary union, a project that is at once the essence and the emblem of Europe's renunciation of fratricide and its reinvention as a continent united in peaceful cooperation. A pillar of the European establishment, he is the public face of the euro and, by virtue of this role, the public face of Europe. His nickname, in fact, is Mr. Euro.

Wim Duisenberg's wife, Gretta, is a woman of profound conviction, especially where Israel and the Jews are concerned. On April 13, 2001, demonstrators in Amsterdam took to the streets in support of the Palestinians. Carrying signs equating Ariel Sharon with Hitler, members of the mob—clad as Hamas militants—brandished swastikas, burned Israeli flags, beat a Jewish bystander, and howled for the return of the gas chambers. After marching in the demonstration, Mrs. Euro hung a PLO flag from the balcony of her house in Amsterdam. This elicited concern; the European Central Bank is independent and non-political. "You must hold me responsible for the flag and not Wim," she told journalists. Wim may be the most powerful man in Europe, but it seems he is not the master of his own house.

The Duisenbergs' neighbor, a Jewish physician and member of the city council, asked her to remove the banner. Mrs. Duisenberg refused. The neighbor reports that Mrs. Euro harangued her with a lecture: Israel victimizes the Palestinians because it receives support from "rich American Jews." American presidents, under the thrall of a powerful Jewish lobby, "have to do whatever the Jews want."

In June, Mrs. Duisenberg founded "Stop the Occupation," an organization that calls for the imposition of economic sanctions on Israel. A Dutch radio interviewer asked Mrs. Duisenberg how many signatures she hoped to collect on a petition of support for the group. "Six million," she replied, chuckling heartily at her own joke. Subsequently, she denied the comment's obvious implication: The number six million, she said, just popped unbidden into her head.

In January, she toured the West Bank and Gaza, beginning her trip on the very day 23 people were killed in simultaneous suicide bombings in Tel Aviv. She had "understanding" for the action, she told Dutch television. She placed responsibility for the attack firmly on Ariel Sharon: He has to "stop all that violence." In Ramallah, she met Yasser Arafat. Photographs depict them staring dreamily into each other's eyes; they are holding hands. They appear to be rapturously in love. Mrs. Duisenberg announced to the attendant press corps that Arafat "hates killing"; the Palestinian leader is "absolutely against" suicide bombings: "He even told me that yesterday he prevented two attempts!"

To enter the territories, Mrs. Duisenberg—"Her Excellency," as Arafat obligingly refers to her—used the Dutch diplomatic passport granted to her thanks to her husband's position, provoking a rebuke from the Dutch Ministry of Foreign Affairs, since diplomatic passports issued to civil servants and their spouses are to be used only on official business. She has dismissed criticism of this abuse of her status as "ludicrous," an attempt to deflect attention from the real issue, Israeli cruelty that "knows no bounds." Speaking in Jenin, she remarked that "this wall that Israel is building, is many times worse than the Berlin wall. It is terrible. It is much higher and goes over land that was taken from the Palestinians." For good measure she added that the Palestinians suffer more under Israeli rule than blacks under Apartheid. Indeed, "with

*Claire Berlinski's novel* Loose Lips *will be published by Random House in June.*



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the exception of the Holocaust," she told a Dutch paper, the Israeli occupation "is worse than the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands."

As for her husband—surely he is cringing in embarrassment, scrambling to distance himself at any cost from this millstone around his neck? Oddly, he is not. In a letter to the Dutch foreign minister, the face of Europe wrote, "As my position requires, I have stayed out of my wife's affairs. But I can tell you I support her 100 percent." Which is perhaps to be expected, as her politics were no less loathsome when he married her in 1987 than they are today. At that time, as the Dutch paper *De Telegraaf* reported last June, her social circle centered around a left-wing think tank in Amsterdam peopled by activists of various bloodthirsty Marxist liberation fronts, Trotskyites, apologists for Castro, and suspected terrorists such as Eqbal Ahmad. *De Telegraaf* reports that "Gretta was a confidante of Philip Agee. This ex-CIA agent became public enemy number one after he'd betrayed the identity of American secret agents in the Soviet Bloc. Some of them were then liquidated." Before Agee was deported from the Netherlands, he "asked Gretta to be a witness at his wedding."

Henry Kissinger once asked, "If I want to speak to Europe, what number do I call?" These days, Wim Duisenberg's number would be as good as any. It is therefore of more than passing concern that the most powerful man in Europe not only failed to repudiate his wife's behavior but stood behind her. And it is dismaying that Mrs. Duisenberg's remarks have scarcely been reported in the press, in Europe or the United States. A kind of discourse that has been rightfully taboo in Europe since the Second World War is apparently now accepted as a commonplace.

Wim Duisenberg may want to shrug his shoulders and intimate with a wink that women will be women. If this is acceptable behavior in a president of the European Central Bank, then the new Europe is appallingly similar to the old. ♦

# Two, Three, Many North Koreas

## Would-be nuclear proliferators are learning from Pyongyang. BY HENRY SOKOLSKI

FIRST, IRAQ VIOLATED ITS PLEDGE not to try to acquire nuclear weapons. Then North Korea did the same. Who's next? Bank on a slew of others, including a fair number of America's friends.

How soon? More likely than not, about 30 months from now. By then, Iran's nuclear reactor at Busheir will have been operational for about a year. At which point, Iran could extract fifty or more bombs' worth of weapons-grade plutonium from the reactor's spent fuel rods in a matter of weeks. Doing this would violate the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (NPT), but, given past U.S. and Allied sloth in enforcing this treaty (consider Iraq and North Korea), the mullahs could easily conclude that abandoning the treaty, or even just threatening to, will give them leverage.

Even Iran's "reformers" now complain that their government is not pushing its bomb project fast enough. Further dawdling, they warn, risks turning Iran into an American war target like Iraq. To avoid this and get the kind of respect Pyongyang is now receiving from Washington, Iran, they insist, must build its bomb now.

Such impatience makes sense. It's not as if Iran can conceal its ambition to possess nuclear weapons. Last November, U.S. newspapers published satellite photos of a previously undisclosed Iranian uranium enrichment facility and a heavy water plant. Iran insists it has broken no rules, and says it will allow inspections of the photographed plants as required by the International Atomic Energy Agency, just as soon as these facilities have uranium or heavy water in them. Other would-be bomb makers, however, have gotten the point: To get within weeks of a bomb without violating the NPT, one need only follow Iran's example.

This brings us to Syria. Earlier this month, Moscow and Damascus formalized plans to build a large nuclear desalinization plant on Syria's coast. The agreement, which deals Moscow into a major Syrian oil pipeline project, includes training for Syrian scientists as well as access to Russia's leading nuclear institutes (the same kind of deal Moscow cut with Iran a decade ago). Russian and Syrian officials insist that this nuclear cooperation is purely peaceful. Will the Syrians use this project to build a nuclear infrastructure like the one Russia helped build for Iran?

This question is now being asked by leading Egyptian officials and nuclear scientists. Certainly the Syrian announcement did not go unnoticed in the government-run press. Nor did Egyptian newspapers pass up the opportunity to commend North Korea's success in getting the United States to play ball. The Egyptian press insist their country must not be anything less than second when it comes to having nuclear weapons in the region. How can Egypt get a weapons option if it's a member of the NPT? Easy: Develop a "peaceful" nuclear program first. Not more than seven months ago, Egypt's energy minister reiterated plans to complete a nuclear power station in Al-Dhab'a by 2010.

Who else in the region needs watching? Saudi Arabia. News reports

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indicate that Saudi officials have toured Pakistan's secret uranium enrichment plant at Kahuta, a facility many believe the Saudis helped pay for. Pakistan is estimated to have 50 or more nuclear weapons. The Saudis, meanwhile, still own several inaccurate medium-range Chinese missiles, which lack effective warheads. A little-understood fact is that under the NPT, members can legally accept nuclear weapons onto their soil so long as the donor state retains control.

Another worry: If Iran goes nuclear, what might Turkey do? Turkey has repeatedly sought security assurances from its European allies, regarding a possible Iranian nuclear threat. Unfortunately, Europe has never fully accepted Turkey as an ally. If Iran goes nuclear, will Turkey be reassured by U.S. security promises alone or will it feel the need to turn to its nuclear friend Israel for assistance, possibly to help it develop its own nuclear option?

Then, there's Algeria. Ten years ago, the North African country fired up its second research reactor, a plant that some experts fear because its large size, extensive air defenses, and covert construction suggest it was intended to make nuclear weapons. What might Algeria or its neighbor Libya, which previously tried to buy nuclear weapons, do if any of the above states moved to acquire a bomb?

More countries could be in line. Taiwan and South Korea have both tried to acquire nuclear weapons in the past. Japan could quickly make thousands of bombs from the nuclear material it has on hand. What if American security guarantees were to weaken? What would stop these and other client states from going nuclear?

The short answer right now is not much. This must change, starting with what Washington does about the most egregious NPT violator, North Korea. Rather than bargain with Pyongyang, the United States should work with others to get the United Nations to sanction North Korea. This must be done—whether or not North Korea tries to make more bombs—to drive home to all other


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would-be proliferators the message that a price will be paid for misbehavior. At a minimum, the U.N. should grant NPT adherents the authority to interdict the North Korean weapons exports that fund their nuclear activities.

Beyond this, the most worrisome loopholes in the NPT need to be closed. Members who lack nuclear weapons should not be able to build civilian nuclear facilities that bring them within weeks of acquiring them. Nor should they be able to receive nuclear weapons from other countries even if these bombs are under the donor state's "control." Finally, friendly states need to be reassured that their security is better served by working with the United States and its allies than by going it alone and going nuclear. None of this, of course, will be easy. But failure to take such steps will guarantee us a large and unruly crowd of nuclear powers, each of whom will have us over a barrel. ♦

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# No Joke

## Poland is our best friend in Europe.

**BY MATTHEW KAMINSKI**

*Brussels*

WHEN EUROPE THREW a big party in Copenhagen in December, Poland nearly spoiled the fun. Unhappy with the membership terms offered by the European Union, the Poles held out for a few extra billion euros, knowing full well the "historic" enlargement jamboree couldn't take place without the biggest of the Central European candidates. The E.U. caved and put up extra cash, securing the claim to have "reunified Europe" and "buried Yalta." Polish prime minister Leszek Miller, a veteran of one of his country's last Communist governments, thanked native son Pope John Paul II for getting Poland into "Europe."

The theatrics in Copenhagen may be a foretaste of things to come in the expanded Europe. Not since Britain joined in 1973 has the old guard in Paris, Berlin, and Brussels been so uneasy about a new member. Leave aside Poland's stagnant economy, its dangerous populists, and its corruption scandals. Poland is a pain because its heart isn't in Europe but across the Atlantic.

It's a deeply worrying prospect for the euro-nationalists. The E.U.'s constitutional convention, now underway in Brussels, aims to strengthen the common foreign policy after Europe's failure to stand up to America on Iraq, Kyoto, and the international criminal court. On January 14, France and Germany (a.k.a. Old Europe) backed the creation of the post of European president, in part to give the E.U. a stronger voice, and a week later Paris sided with Germany's pacifistic stance on war with Iraq. A European military force will be up and running this year. And while many different camps have a say in the often tedious debate over Europe's future, most are still tempted to define Europe against America, as in de Gaulle's day, and to see their values or interests as divergent.

The coming expansion of the E.U. to 25 countries and 445 million people (up from 15 countries and 378 million people today) might just make Europe better able to stand up to America in world affairs. But there's a hitch. Poland, the most important of the incoming members, with its 40 million people and strategic location on the E.U.'s future eastern frontier, is Washington's closest ally on the Continent. During the drawn-out negotiations over membership, French president Jacques Chirac pointedly warned Polish foreign minister Bronislaw Geremek that Poland better not be the "American Trojan horse in Europe" or Paris might veto its accession (as de Gaulle once did Britain's). Some in the Brussels press corps casually refer to Poland as a "Fifth Column."

Maybe they're right. Only a few weeks after Copenhagen, Warsaw bought 48 F-16 fighters from Lockheed Martin for $3.8 billion, snubbing two European offers. "As a thank-you present for entry into Europe, what a success!" said a scandalized Serge Dassault, whose French concern, Dassault Aviation, lost out. For three days, his newspaper, the Paris daily *Le Figaro*, ran letters from readers calling the Poles ingrates and bad Europeans.

The pique in Paris, however, was mostly for show. The French, like the Poles, had known all along that the biggest military tender ever in the former Warsaw Pact would go to a U.S. concern. (Congress gave Poland

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a favorable loan to cover the purchase, and Lockheed Martin threw in more goodies, including about $10 billion of "offset" investments, than either of the European concerns could muster.) While the jets will help Poland take a bigger role in NATO and any other U.S.-led coalition—the Poles, unlike the Germans, say they're ready to serve in Iraq—the planes were meant to send a clear signal. "With Europe, you have to talk and be on good terms," says Tomasz Lis, anchor of Poland's most-watched evening news show, *Fakty*. "But the relationship with America is sacred."

Polish president Aleksander Kwasniewski didn't seem to care about French feelings. A former sports minister in the Communist era and a savvy politician, Kwasniewski knows polls show the Poles to be among the most pro-American of nations. They're still grateful to Washington for getting Poland into NATO—and ambivalent about the economic costs of joining the E.U. After the jet sale, Kwasniewski went to Washington for the second time in six months. At their White House meeting, President Bush said, "I have got no better friend in Europe today."

From the Polish perspective, the attraction needs no explanation. France and Britain failed Poland in 1939, and again at Yalta (while many Poles rationalize American complicity in the division of Europe, saying Stalin manipulated a frail FDR). Ten million Polish Americans strengthen the bond. The national mythology touts self-sacrifice on behalf of the West against a Barbaric East, going back to the defense of Vienna against the Turks, the Polish army's victory against the Bolsheviks in 1920, and the Polish air force's role in the defense of London in World War II. Less than a year after communism fell, on the eve of the first Gulf War, Polish special forces spirited six U.S. operatives out of Iraq (a story later made into a hit Polish film). Poland's special forces unit, GROM, a standout in an outmoded military, was also deployed in Haiti in 1994.

This eagerness to prove themselves good allies no doubt helped the Poles' cause at NATO and served their narrow national interest. But it also serves America. Through NATO and in many other ways, the United States is a European power. The Europeans aren't the easiest allies; but in the Balkans and Afghanistan, they run the peacekeeping operations. And in a wider Europe, Poland will have potentially broad influence. Inside NATO, the Poles are staunch defenders of the alliance and generally support military engagements abroad. And they sit on a still fragile frontier. Their eastern neighbors include Ukraine, which allegedly sells radar systems to Saddam Hussein, and Belarus, whose president is Europe's last dictator and another Saddam pal. The Poles can be a westward bridge and a good example for these and other former Soviet countries toward which the E.U. has no coherent policy.

And there's a better reason to welcome not only the Poles but the other East Europeans into the E.U. For half a century, building Europe was about burying World War II and nudging France and Germany to get along. The current crop of Western European leaders don't have the war to guide them: Gerhard Schröder, ousting Helmut Kohl in 1998, said Germany needed to free itself from its past. Germany's foreign minister Joschka Fischer and the E.U.'s foreign policy chief Javier Solana spent their youth protesting against America rather than feeling grateful for its role in ending the war and rebuilding Europe.

The incoming members had markedly different formative years. Soviet tyranny ended only a dozen years ago. These countries know it wasn't Germany or France that brought down the Soviet empire or that championed their entry into NATO and the E.U. A decade ago, the Europeans stood by as the Balkans descended into war, less than an hour's flight from Vienna. The Balkans aren't that different from Bulgaria or Poland. The Bosnian war remains a useful reminder that Brussels, Paris, and even London haven't yet proven themselves mature enough to look after their messy continent without U.S. help.

So the debate over a divergence in "values" between Europe and America sounds baffling from Warsaw. There, America's "values" aren't rejected. The E.U. may hold the ticket to First World living standards, but America's "moralistic" foreign policy has more appeal to Poles than European realpolitik. And of the 10 incoming E.U. members, only Poland—the most pro-American of the lot—has any strategic weight. Its support for NATO and for U.S. intervention against "rogue regimes," as well as its skepticism about a common European foreign policy and the E.U.'s military ambitions, will have an impact.

Far from widening the trans-Atlantic gulf, the enlargement of the E.U. should change the tenor and substance of relations for the better—as long as the United States retains its leadership role in NATO, and the newcomers master the rules of the E.U.'s sometimes bizarre political game. To succeed in doing this after its accession to the E.U. in 2004, Warsaw will need savvy diplomacy. The link with the United States can help. American diplomats and visiting congressmen, for their part, hope Poland, once inside the E.U., can assist in resolving nasty trade disputes.

For now, the biggest question mark is whether Poland can get its domestic house in order. The recession is hurting. An early post-Communist dose of "shock therapy" sparked an economic boom in the 1990s, but reform has stalled. The farmers are hungry for subsidies that Brussels doesn't want to give. Fringe parties are growing more popular. Poland needs to be a success story to matter in Europe. At the moment, the most encouraging sign is an ambiguous one: No country has provoked so much grumbling in Brussels since Margaret Thatcher lived at 10 Downing Street. ♦



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# SBC questions whether anyone oth
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# Fair qu

**USA TODAY**

"Seven years ago, Congress set out to break up the local Bell telephone monopolies and bring competition to consumers' homes. But just as states are finally figuring out how to make that promise a reality, and some communities are seeing phone bills drop, **federal regulators may unplug the competitors at the behest of the four Bell monopolies**." 1/14/03

**Austin American Statesman**

"We think consumers ought to continue to get what little local phone competition there is. We don't think that can happen if Powell and the FCC effectively give the Bells back their monopolies — **this time with virtually no restriction on their local rates** and still able to offer long-distance service." 1/13/03

**San Jose Mercury News**

"The Bells claim that current rules forcing them to lease parts of their networks to competitors are unfair. They complain that the lease rates are far below cost. They want the FCC to undo the rules, **shutting the door on the system that pried open their monopolies....** In other words, SBC will have a lock on both local and long-distance and will be free to gouge Californians for phone service. Watch that phone bill." 12/24/03

**National Association of State Utility Consumer Advocates**

"...any analysis of the continued necessity of particular unbundled network elements, or of competitive impairment absent availability of particular unbundled network element is one that **must take place on a state-by-state, market-by-market basis, and can best be undertaken by state commissions** rather than the Federal Communications Commission...." 11/12/02

**International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers**

"**States where competition for local service has been allowed to proceed are seeing an increase in investment and jobs**, and that's what we need for the long term good of the industry." 1/15/03

**Crain's Chicago Business**

"Federal Communications Commission Chairman Michael Powell seems to think the way to stimulate competition in the local telephone business is to eliminate the competitors that have just begun to challenge regional Bell companies. His plan to scrap rules granting rival local service providers access to the Bell networks at discounted rates would **snuff out competition in the residential market barely a year after it began**." 1/13/03

**Wisconsin Citizens' Utility Board**

"In announcing that it would slash 11,000 telecom jobs, including many here in Wisconsin, **SBC/Ameritech has embarked upon a crude game of political blackmail**.... SBC is arguing that the only way to avoid this job-loss carnage is to get Congress or the FCC to raise the telecom prices on Wisconsin consumers.... That would result in increases of hundreds of millions of dollars in local telecom and Internet access rates all around the country, including here in Wisconsin." (Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune) 1/10/03

**National Association of Regulatory Utility Commissioners**

"Instead of simply complying with the Court's mandate and current law, **the RBOC's continue to lobby Congress and the FCC for special protection from the rules**. We do not believe such efforts will, in the end, benefit customers or stimulate economic growth in the telecommunications sector." 10/27/02

# Hey SBC, keep thos

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# ' than Voices for Choices is opposed ending local phone competition.

# estion.

**American Conservative Union**
"To eliminate the UNE-P provisions [prematurely] would be too disruptive of the developing markets and of the investments of those who have been encouraged by the government to participate in them.... Because the state PUCs are closer to the specific needs of consumers – **the states are best suited to implement the competitive promise and Congressional intent of the Telecommunications Act**." 12/11/02

**St. Petersburg Times**
"Fortunately, the decision on local phone competition isn't up to Powell alone, but must be approved by three of the five FCC commissioners. The issue may be complex but the decision should be easy. The FCC should allow competitors reasonable access to the established companies' loops and switches, and they should allow states to retain the authority to set the rates for those transactions. That is the **only chance most Americans have of seeing competition for their local phone business**." 1/19/03

**Philadelphia Inquirer**
"Finding the right balance on pricing and all the technicalities of local-phone competition has been the job of state regulators. It's not a perfect system, but it has yielded some local competition. **Now is not the time for the FCC to hang up on that effort**." 1/14/03

**San Francisco Business Times**
"That competition at the local level has never flourished as the architects of the telecommunications reform intended doesn't give regulators an excuse to simply stop trying. **Rewriting the rules in a way designed to curtail competition is an obvious step in the wrong direction**." 1/10/03

**Miami Herald**
"**For decades taxpayers subsidized the building of the telephone infrastructure** and guaranteed the profits of the old Ma Bell. It's only fair that the networks now owned by the Baby Bells be shared at inexpensive rates with rivals who didn't have the same advantage. Rules that provide incentives should remain in place at least until competition has spread widely. For decades most Americans bought local phone services from a monopoly. The FCC should ensure that consumers now have a choice." 1/19/03

**Texas Public Utilities Commission**
"'The commission believes that **regulatory oversight of rates, quality of service and other customer protections are critical**' in preserving competition." (Austin American Statesman) 1/15/03

**Independent State Commissions**
California Public Utilities Commission
Florida Public Service Commission
Georgia Public Service Commission
Illinois Commerce Commission
Indiana Utility Regulatory Commission
Kansas Corporation Commission
Louisiana Public Service Commission
Massachusetts Department of Telecommunication and Energy
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Mississippi Public Service Commission
Nebraska Public Service Commission
New York State Dept of Public Service
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# Deterrence and Prevention

*Why a war against Saddam is crucial to the future of deterrence*

**By Tod Lindberg**

The question of what to do about Iraq—and moving down the track, what to do about North Korea—typically gets described as a choice between deterrence and preemption (or perhaps better, "prevention"). If Saddam Hussein can be contained and deterred from using weapons of mass destruction, as some contend, then there is no need to go to war against him. If, on the other hand, we cannot be confident that he can be deterred, then preventive action is necessary. Reaching the latter conclusion is generally considered a doctrinal leap—a declaration of no confidence in the theory and practice of deterrence.

This idea of a radical break with past practice and past theory is embraced by both sides—by the advocates of deterrence and by the partisans of prevention. In the case of the former, the movement from deterrence to prevention represents a rejection of time-tested means of dealing with adversaries in favor of the always risky course of waging aggressive war—and losing in the bargain the justification of necessity, thus imperiling the moral legitimacy of our cause. For the advocates of prevention, it's good riddance to deterrence. Now that an alternative is available, who needs a doctrine that keeps the peace only at a level of utmost precariousness?

In practice, of course, U.S. policy has long been a blend of both deterrence and prevention. As Max Boot has noted, the United States has often chosen to act preemptively or preventively. At the same time, we have also fielded forces meant to deter parties from taking action we would find inimical, in many cases with apparent success. Of course, the contrast between messy reality and tidy theory is no refutation of a theory; it may simply represent a failure to apply the theory as systematically as it might have been. In the case of deterrence and prevention, however, I would suggest that the mess runs deep, and the theory is not tidy at all.

When people talk about deterrence, they usually assume that the unacceptable conduct to be deterred is both clear and consistent over time. In many cases, this may be true, the case of a nuclear first strike between rival superpowers being clearest of all. But it is not always true, and it is certainly not true in the case of Iraq.

Until and during the first Gulf War, the objective was to deter Iraq from the use of weapons of mass destruction against coalition forces or Israel. At the time of the cease-fire agreement, however, something important changed, and the change was little appreciated at the time. The United States insisted that Iraq disarm, and Iraq agreed. It is clear in retrospect that this amounted to a major shift in the U.S. view of deterrence, as least as applied to Iraq. The United States was seeking to deter not only Iraq's *use* of weapons of mass destruction but also its *acquisition* and *possession* of such weapons.

Iraq, it quickly became clear, was disinclined to abide by the new terms. The question, then, was what the United States (here, as leader of a coalition) would do to enforce them. How serious was Washington? Serious enough to insist on sanctions against Iraq until it fully complied with the terms of United Nations resolutions demanding disarmament. But this failed to impress Iraq overmuch. Serious enough to sever Saddam Hussein's sovereignty over parts of the country, the northern and southern no-fly zones, by maintaining a steady military presence. But again, evidently not impressive enough to persuade Saddam to disarm. Serious enough, in the wake of September 11, to begin assembling allies for military action to change the regime in Iraq and to return to the United Nations to seek what became Security Council Resolution 1441, declaring Saddam in "material breach" of his obligations and offering him a "final opportunity" to comply—which he remains unwilling to do. Serious enough, finally, to amass a huge force in the region with the evident intention of putting it to use.

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All of this activity has aimed to persuade and if necessary coerce Iraq to accept a new standard of conduct (though now more than a decade old) and to deter Iraq from breaching it in the future. If at any point Iraq had relented and disarmed (or relents now and disarms), then the terms of deterrence would have been reestablished and that would have been the end of the matter.

But if the showdown comes to blows, in what will be called a preventive action on the part of the United States, it will be preventive in two senses: both in the immediate sense of thwarting Saddam Hussein, but also as an advertisement more generally of what is acceptable action by other parties.

Two conclusions follow. First, preemption or prevention cannot be said to have superseded deterrence. Rather, preemption is the violent reestablishment of the terms of deterrence. Second, insofar as war is intended not merely to reverse an unacceptable situation in the here-and-now but also to have a pedagogical effect (*pour encourager les autres*), it has in general a "preventive" component. To the extent that one says the Civil War "settled once and for all" the question of whether or not states may secede from the Union, one refers not only to a bloody conflict with a particular outcome but also to a successful exercise in conveying a message. One might say that, in a sense, war is the ultimate means of making your point.

*Preemption cannot be said to have superseded deterrence. Rather, preemption is the violent reestablishment of the terms of deterrence.*

Thus what appears to be a dispute over doctrine, deterrence vs. preemption/prevention, is actually a dispute over whether, hereinafter, the United States should seek to deter not only the *use* of weapons of mass destruction but also the *acquisition* of such weapons, at least by certain states. Should the United States, acting alone or (preferably) in concert with others, be willing to go to war in order to prevent a state from acquiring weapons of mass destruction, especially nuclear weapons, in the expectation that by establishing our willingness to do so we will deter other states from trying to acquire weapons of mass destruction? Or should the United States remain relatively indifferent to the acquisition of nuclear and other such weapons—offering merely declaratory support for nonproliferation—and remain satisfied with trying to deter their use?

Before we get to that question, however, there is underbrush that needs to be cleared away, the byproduct of mistaken notions about deterrence and prevention and the present conflict.

Some have objected that by embracing a doctrine of preemption the United States invites other states to assert a similar right, thereby serving as a general pretext for aggressive war. This misconstrues the current situation. In order to successfully act preventively, one must have the capacity to do so—which is to say, one must be able to prevail in teaching the lesson one wants learned. At the height of the Cold War, the United States was in no position to declare that it was no longer acceptable for the Soviet Union to have nuclear weapons. The result would have been catastrophic. Nowadays, in areas in which the United States takes an interest, generally speaking it is only the United States that has the capacity to revise the terms of acceptable international behavior. Other states' willy-nilly attempts to undertake revisions of their own run into the question of whether the United States would find their efforts acceptable.

Only by misconstruing what it means to act preventively or preemptively does one arrive at a difficulty here. If anything is possible in a world where deterrence has been abandoned in favor of unilateral wars of prevention, then we are indeed in a mess. But in truth, the capacity of any given state to set or revise the terms of acceptable international conduct neither increased nor decreased as a result of any declaration by the Bush administration. The United States, under current circumstances, can do things other states cannot, something well understood by other states and by Washington. The question of a substantial revision in standards of acceptable international conduct—in this case, the proposition that acquisition of weapons of mass destruction by some parties is unacceptable—is thus mainly a question raised by and answered by the United States (although there is no reason not to seek international participation). It is not a question posed generally to states.

Nor can it really be said that the United States, in trying to move from use-deterrence to acquisition-deterrence, is articulating a universal standard. Critics who raise this issue usually have in mind accusing the Bush administration of hypocrisy for a decision to act militarily against (say) Iraq but not (say) North Korea. Their aim is not really to see the supposed "doctrine" of preemption applied to North Korea but to discredit its application to Iraq. What do you do with your "doctrine" of preemptive action against states acquiring weapons of mass destruction if the



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state is, say, Australia? But Australia is precisely not the question. The point of the shift is to establish that states *like* Iraq may not acquire weapons of mass destruction without being met by force. Canberra need have no worries on that score; so unlike Iraq is Australia that the latter has no desire to acquire weapons of mass destruction, notwithstanding that Australia is a vigorous actor internationally. The United States has not set and is not setting the rules for Australia. The question for a head of state contemplating the acquisition of nuclear weapons in relation to the new terms of deterrence is as follows: Does the United States think I am more like Australia or more like Iraq, because if (and only if) it thinks I'm more *like* Iraq, it will treat me as Iraq was treated.

Deterrence is usually thought to rest on a thing, the capacity to inflict violence—the deterrent—and on a logic that flows inexorably from the existence of the thing. This essentially materialist conception misses the mark. It is not so much a deterrent, the thing, that deters. What deters is the *idea* that the deterrent deters—the conclusion reached by a real human being who has thought about what lies ahead and decided, all in all, it's too risky. There is a substantial literature on the need to make a deterrent "credible" for it to be effective. But the discussion of credibility tends to end where it really should just be getting underway, namely, with the capacity of the deterring party to act and the clarity of its intention to act (or at least the clear possibility it will act) in the event of unacceptable conduct. Is there really so little that needs to be said about the party that decides whether or not to be deterred?

We have had about 50 years' experience with nuclear deterrence. It mainly took the form of two massive arsenals squared off against each other. Without question, the deterrent capacity of each superpower was unmistakable to the other, meaning both the capability of the hardware to produce Armageddon and the willingness of each to unleash it in the event of an attack by the other. But deterrence as such is not an invention of the nuclear age. Deterrence has been practiced for thousands of years. It is, quite simply, the attempt to get someone not to do something by making it more costly for him to try. The walls of the city might not be a guarantee that no conqueror will prevail. But a city without walls could be relatively assured of its swift conquest. And the walls can indeed be said to deter those hordes who might be willing to sweep through an unwalled city but who are unwilling to lay siege.

The problem quickly becomes apparent: If deterrence has been practiced for thousands of years, sometimes successfully, the history of warfare in those same thousands of years is nothing other than the record of the *failure* of deterrence. This is true both in a formal sense (if deterrence works, there is by definition no war) and in the sense that the need to deter potential enemies is universal insofar as politics has something to do with enemies, who after all cannot be welcomed.

Why didn't those deterrents deter? We can say that if you make war on someone who has tried to deter you, you have probably concluded, rightly or wrongly, that you can pay whatever price the deterrent adds. Again, conclusions with this result would seem to have a long pedigree among human beings. The point is that in thinking about deterrence, we must consider not only the deterrent itself but also what people think about the deterrent. And from the Bible forward, the historical record is replete with accounts of *disagreements* over whether to go to war among generals viewing the *same* deterrent before them.

So we have several millennia of attempted deterrence, sometimes successful and sometimes not, at the conclusion of which falls a 50-year period of successful nuclear deterrence (accompanied by various ongoing attempts to deter conventionally, again with mixed success). Surely, there is something in the character of the nuclear weapon as an "ultimate" weapon that changes things. The question, however, is whether it changes not some things but *everything*. The claim that it changes everything is quite radical: For millennia, the success or failure of deterrence has had a material component (the deterrent itself) and a concrete ideal component (its contemplation by someone, an actual human being, considering war). Now, however, we have empowered ourselves to deduce our conclusions from the thing itself.

More precisely, what we are doing is creating to our own specification an abstract idea of a human being—which is to say, "someone" who does not exist and has never existed, but whom we have imbued with certain characteristics of our choosing, first and foremost a desire for self-preservation. Then we confront this abstraction with something that, in the real world (though not in this exercise) is a distinctly non-abstract thing, a nuclear weapon. We proceed as if this confrontation were somehow occurring in actuality between a human being and a nuclear weapon, without our agency—when all along, it is we ourselves who have created the abstraction solely for the purpose of having it "contemplate" this thing—in this exercise, actually an idea of the thing. Whereupon (and what an astounding coincidence this is!) the abstraction "reaches" the same conclusion about the "thing" that we ourselves, the only real human beings in the process, have already reached.

We congratulate ourselves for thinking about the unthinkable. But what we have actually been doing is hiding the conclusion we reached at the outset from ourselves



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long enough to let the suspense mount until we bring it back in time for a happy ending. We have, in short, cheered ourselves up.

The most serious article I have read in opposition to going to war in Iraq appears in the January-February 2003 edition of *Foreign Policy*. It was written by John J. Mearsheimer and Stephen M. Walt, two leading international relations theorists of the "realist" school. Their chief conclusion is that "deterrence has worked well against Saddam in the past, and there is no reason to think it cannot work equally well in the future." The authors do, however, grant a certain novelty to the situation: "The real nightmare scenario is that Saddam would give nuclear weapons secretly to al Qaeda or some other terrorist group."

They say, however, that "the likelihood of clandestine transfer by Iraq is extremely small." In the first place, a "history of enmity" between Saddam and al Qaeda makes "the Iraqi dictator . . . unlikely to give al Qaeda nuclear weapons, which it might use in ways he could not control." U.S. pressure "might eventually force these unlikely allies together," but even so, "Saddam would still be unlikely to share his most valuable weaponry with al Qaeda," and besides, he "could hardly be confident that the transfer would go undetected." But "even if Saddam thought he could covertly smuggle nuclear weapons to bin Laden, he would still be unlikely to do so." Why would he give away what he has worked so long to acquire? Besides, in the event of a nuclear attack on the United States, he "could never be sure the United States would not incinerate him anyway if it merely suspected" he had been involved.

*Everyone seems to agree that if al Qaeda could get its hands on a nuclear weapon, it would try to use it. But why would al Qaeda not be deterred?*

I will return to the question of the United States incinerating a perpetrator, which I regard as far more problematic than Mearsheimer and Walt do. For now, I would like to draw attention to the authors' assertions about what is "unlikely," "unlikely," and "unlikely" again.

First of all, they give us no assurances. "Unlikely" is not the same as impossible. Second, note the way in which the unlikelihood of Saddam and al Qaeda cooperating, given their vast differences, gives way (in the event that this is not so unlikely after all) only to a second unlikelihood, that Saddam would share his weaponry. But surely if that "unlikely" reconciliation does come to pass, the possibility of a transfer is not merely "unlikely" but *more likely*, which our authors do not note. That is because their concern here is not really with Saddam or al Qaeda. They are interested in applying the proposition that if you fear incineration, you will not use or allow others to use your nuclear weapon against a power that can incinerate you. They apply it well. And it is entirely persuasive that if Mearsheimer and Walt were running Iraq, we would have little to fear. But it is no test of whether Saddam Hussein is deterred to apply a test that in actuality asks whether Mearsheimer and Walt would be, especially when the conclusion is clear from the outset.

I think, further, that the al Qaeda problem is worth more discussion in the context of deterrence than it has hitherto received. Everybody seems to agree on this point: that if al Qaeda could get its hands on a nuclear weapon, it would try to use it. All right, but why would al Qaeda not be deterred? The usual answer is that al Qaeda is a terrorist organization, not a state. Therefore, deterrence doesn't apply to it. But is that all there is to say? In the first place, al Qaeda was intimately entwined with a state, Afghanistan, at the time of the September 11 attack. In response, the United States toppled the Taliban government and began a worldwide manhunt for its leaders and for members of al Qaeda. They are hunted men, and they will be until they are dead—a death that might take the form of a drone-guided Hellfire missile descending at any moment without notice on a vehicle in which they are traveling. I would think that the prospect of having your government toppled and spending life on the lam, under an implicit sentence of death, might make a certain kind of person chary about provoking such a response or reluctant to tolerate certain activities on the part of folks operating on his soil. Unfortunately, I do not think Osama bin Laden and Mullah Omar are of that certain kind, and neither does anyone else.

There may be truth to the proposition that you cannot deter a terrorist non-governmental organization because only states can be deterred. The theory is in this sense safe, all praise to it. But we have saved it at the price of losing a complete account of the phenomenon before us. In saying that bin Laden and associates would use a nuclear weapon if they had one, aren't we also really saying that they don't share the concerns of self-preservation typical of heads of state? That they don't necessarily fear violent death? That they have an end that is perhaps higher than self-preservation? Clearly, we could not solve this problem by giving them a state of their own in the expectation that they would not risk losing it.

We thus arrive at the "madman" exception to deterrence theory: You can't deter a madman, of course. But



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"madman" is a loaded term. What we are actually talking about here is the full human range of tolerance for risk as well as the full human range of disparity in the ability to weigh risks, and this in the context of vastly varying expectations about what the future holds. Saddam Hussein is often said to be cautious (and therefore not a madman). I think some tyrants may in some sense be cautious, but only in the context of one who has proved willing to assume the considerable risks of tyranny. It is at any rate not the caution of a European Union bureaucrat.

Nuclear deterrence theory pretends to give us reassurance about Saddam, but in the end merely assumes he is the kind of man about whom we may feel reassured. In this context, one wonders if the nuclear peace of the Cold War was kept not so much by nuclear arsenals and the logic flowing from them as by the thoroughly bourgeois character of American society as well as the Soviet *nomenklatura*.

To return to the question of the moment, properly framed: Should we, then, act preemptively or preventively in Iraq in an attempt to shift the ground of deterrence from the *use* of weapons of mass destruction, especially nuclear weapons, to the *acquisition* of weapons of mass destruction, again especially nuclear, at least in the case of regimes run by people who give us serious cause for worry? That my answer is "yes" will come as no surprise, on the obvious grounds flowing from the above: The surest way to prevent something is to remove any one of the things it presupposes. We are safer if we never get to the question of whether Saddam Hussein would risk incineration by contriving to participate in a plot leading to the detonation of a nuclear weapon in the United States or Israel or Europe. We will be safer still if we can hasten the anchorage of bourgeois modern life in the Middle East, and so will the people who live there. But in the meantime, we can secure ourselves against all the unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions related to the use of such weapons by stopping matters prior to their acquisition.

There is, however, a further reason, and it may be the ultimate reason. Nuclear deterrence theory, on its own terms, requires the capability and willingness to inflict massive retaliatory damage on an aggressor. I am not so sure about the certainty of such "retaliation" today.

For one, we suffered a devastating attack on the American homeland, and the decision the Bush administration made in response was to topple the Taliban government and to hunt down members of al Qaeda by conventional (if novel) means. It was not, for example, to use tactical nuclear weapons to ensure that no one hiding in the caves of Tora Bora would escape alive, let alone to use nuclear weapons more broadly. No one ever seriously proposed such a thing.

For another, there was an attack on the United States in October 2001 with a biological weapon, anthrax. Granted, the authorities suspect a homegrown terrorist. If, by chance, they are wrong, then those who were truly responsible have had the experience of getting away with something that would surely have called for some kind of retaliatory action.

Third, relatedly, the question of whom to retaliate against is substantially harder than Mearsheimer and Walt, among others, make it out to be. A nuclear blast has destroyed a major metropolitan area; the number of dead exceeds 100,000; there is near-certainty about which terrorist organization was involved, but no convincing proof of where it got the weapon. Grant the impulse to lash back in righteous anger: Would a U.S. administration be prepared to act on suspicion alone? I don't think so. At a minimum, one would want to know more, which would take time. The nexus between strike and counterstrike would be attenuated. In addition, as the intelligence services worked overtime, the option of launching a retaliatory nuclear strike would have to contend with and defeat in the policy-making process other potential retaliatory measures.

Which in turn takes us to the final problem: What do we *gain* from a nuclear attack on Baghdad? We reestablish our posture of use-deterrence, I suppose. And it is possible that things might reach a point at which domestic political opinion would settle for no less. But the price would be awful. A hundred thousand dead Iraqis? A million? What most of these people have in common would be the experience of living under the repression of Saddam Hussein. One could blame them for this fact, the epic kind of premodern blame that demands collective punishment for an erring or sinful people—in this case, calling them to account for the perfidy of their leader. But this would represent a drastic change from the distinctly modern idiom we take for granted, in which we present such people as victims of their rulers, as people with whom we have no quarrel, as people whose liberation from misrule we would like to see and have perhaps encouraged. "People" first of all, not "enemies."

Who would want to kill them? I would not. Perhaps I could persuade myself of the necessity to do so. Deterrence theory holds that the mere *possibility* that the national command authority might be persuaded to retaliate is enough for the mechanisms of deterrence to kick in. But if it isn't, and we can't be sure it is, the choice that results is essentially tragic.

It is accordingly to be avoided. And that is why attempting to deter the use of nuclear weapons is not enough when we have the capacity to deter their acquisition. ♦



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# GWB & JFK

*There's one thing Bush could learn from the president he most resembles*

## By David Gelernter

Many people have noticed similarities between our dealings with Iraq today and with Cuba during the 1962 missile crisis. Castro and Saddam are volatile, dangerous tyrants we had hoped the locals would get rid of, with some help from their friends. But it didn't work out that way; the Bay of Pigs and the post-Gulf War Kurd and Shiite uprisings were two of the worst moments in modern American history. Free peoples underestimate the power of tyrants to squash their internal enemies like lice. From D-Day onward, the Allies breathlessly anticipated that Germany might do away with Hitler at any moment; in the event, Hitler did away with Germany. Saddam might be drawn to the same maneuver.

Both in Cuba and in Iraq, a dangerous dictator got hold of dangerous weapons—although in Cuba the weapons were Soviet, which made a big difference. It made the crisis more dangerous but more manageable, because Khrushchev in the end did not want to see mankind obliterated, and Saddam doesn't seem to care one way or the other. Both times we considered and rejected an immediate military strike. Both times we took our case to the United Nations—although in 1962 we did so *after* the U.S. Navy had already set up the Cuban blockade, because (according to Arthur Schlesinger Jr., adviser and court historian to JFK) the administration "saw no hope of mustering enough votes in the U.N. to authorize action against Cuba in advance." In the Security Council, Kennedy's U.N. representative Adlai Stevenson answered the inevitable blowhards who claimed that the United States had (as usual) gone off half-cocked: "Were we to do nothing until the knife was sharpened? Were we to stand idly by until it was at our throats?"

Obviously we don't know how the Iraq story will turn out. But we do know that, however much the two crises resemble each other, the two American presidents resemble each other even more.

George W. Bush resembles many presidents, including (in some important ways) the two dominant ones of the 20th century, FDR and Reagan. But he also bears some strong, unexpected resemblances to a president Republicans don't especially like to talk about. The resemblances are worth considering, if only for the practical message. FDR and Reagan accomplished great things; they were also "mood changing" presidents—they cheered the nation up. JFK's accomplishments were modest—after all, he only had three years in which to work—but he was a mood changer also. Bush has done significant things, and may well accomplish great ones, but he has not been a mood changer—and he ought to be.

A poet works by wielding metaphor like a welding torch, connecting things. The two things don't need to be exactly similar for the metaphor to do its job; if it captures any sort of essential similarity, it can show us the world in a new way. Essayists writing history wield simile and metaphor also. The differences between the Kennedy and Bush presidencies are obvious (and Bush hasn't even gotten as far into his as Kennedy had at his death in November '63). It is hard for young people to grasp, but civil rights was once a pressing moral issue in this country, not just a catchall name for a certain type of cynical power grab; the civil rights issue grew steadily more important throughout Kennedy's term. The Cold War colored everything he did. And there were many other differences; T.H. White mentions casually in his 1961 book about the Kennedy-Nixon campaign that, at any rate as of 1959, "The schools were better than ever before."

But the similarities are close enough. Both Kennedy and Bush believed in economic growth at home, lower taxes, equal treatment for all citizens (which has become nearly, though not quite, as loaded an issue as it was then), federal aid to education, foreign aid, and a hard line against America's enemies. Two compassionate conservatives. And the resemblances go farther than that.

GWB and JFK were both elected on narrow margins with nothing in the political bank, nothing like a mandate. (JFK's popular-vote margin was the smallest since 1884.) Neither was a born politician; neither was an ideologue; both grew up wealthy in decidedly over-achieving families, got Ivy League educations and (when all is said and done) wound up as president because of their fathers. As young men, neither seemed remotely cut out for the job. Both came out of nowhere to bear down on Ameri-

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can politics like a speck in the rear-view mirror that suddenly turns out to be a 40-ton tractor-trailer right on top of you, with the driver cheerfully leaning on his horn. Both men were dismissed as political lightweights by their (seemingly) far more experienced and accomplished presidential opponents.

Both came to office by defeating sitting vice presidents. JFK had the harder task—Eisenhower was immensely popular, Clinton was not; and of course JFK had the Catholic issue to deal with. He was the first (and so far only) non-WASP American president.

In Lyndon Johnson and Richard Cheney, they both picked strong vice presidents who knew a lot more about Washington than they did.

In office they faced similar economies in basically the same ways. Both believed in the free market with the utter heartfeltness that (in the last analysis) only a rich man can muster. And, naturally, when big business let them down, they took it personally: When it happened they both talked so tough, and so clearly meant what they said, that they scared hell out of the business community. George Bush blew up at Enron. JFK did something similar in April '62, when the major steel companies announced price rises in contravention (the president thought) of a promise they had made his administration, when it pressured steel workers to accept modest, "non-inflationary" wage increases. JFK launched withering rhetoric—and his brother. Attorney General Robert Kennedy was no man to mess with. He was a Kennedy and a half, and savored the taste of fresh raw power—ice-cold, alive, with a squeeze of lemon; some men couldn't stomach it, but Kennedys ate it for breakfast—and a few days later, the steel companies cancelled their price rises and crept away whimpering on their bellies.

Still more important: Both faced decent but slowish economies; both prescribed tax cuts—JFK after much hand-wringing over the deficit. Kennedy needed stronger growth and lower unemployment to prepare for the '64 election. "Our tax system," he reflected in late 1962, "siphons out of the private economy too large a share of personal and business purchasing power." "Rising tax receipts and the eventual elimination of budget deficits"—now he is defending his tax cut bill in July '63—"depend primarily on a healthy and rapidly growing economy." In September '63 he went on television to say that high income tax rates were not merely unnecessary: "They are, in fact, harmful." (He sounded almost startled.) His tax reductions passed the House that September, but Senate approval was uncertain. The bill finally made it under Johnson in '64.

Both men took civil rights seriously—although the issue seems to mean far more to Bush than it ever did to JFK. One of the stranger aspects of the Trent Lott story is the idea that Republicans must do penance for their long history of racial misconduct. It is the Democrats, of course, with the long history. Strom Thurmond was a Dixie*crat*, not a Dixie*can*, because the home base of any white southern politician in the heyday of segregation could only be the Democratic party.

Bush is and Kennedy was a big believer in military strength—although on this issue JFK came down much harder. When the Soviets heated up Berlin in the summer of 1961, Kennedy asked for tripled draft calls, much higher defense spending, and sacrifice all around. He talked a language of sacrifice that no Republican (let alone Democrat) would touch with a ten-foot pole nowadays. "Many American families will bear the burden of these requests. Studies or careers will be interrupted; husbands and sons will be called away. . . . But these are burdens which must be borne if freedom is to be defended."

They both drew on strong, sure senses of national honor, on natural combativeness, on a willingness to fight and not shrink. (Kennedy on NATO's exposed position in West Berlin, summer '61: "I hear it said that West Berlin is militarily untenable. And so was Bastogne. And so, in fact, was Stalingrad. Any dangerous spot is tenable if men—brave men—make it so.") Bush is and JFK was not merely a patriot but a proud, combative patriot. (Kennedy's inaugural address: "We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." A fine sentence, deservedly celebrated and remembered.)

We know but sometimes forget how much the word "Democrat" has changed. JFK-Sorensen eloquence was overrated at the time. (Theodore Sorensen was a top Kennedy adviser and speechwriter.) But its sheer patriotic aggressiveness is startling to modern weak-tea sensibilities. When JFK let himself go, as he did in his famous improvised perorations in West Berlin in the summer of '63—"There are some who say that communism is the wave of the future—let them come to Berlin! And there are some who say in Europe and elsewhere we can work with the Communists—let them come to Berlin!"—he nearly blew the sides off his nuclear test ban negotiations with the Soviets, and had to back down the same afternoon and get with the program. (The West Berliners cheered him frantically: "The most overwhelming reception in his career," Sorensen wrote. Germans were all in favor of American toughness when their own personal hides were in danger.)

And both faced big challenges in office, and rose to the occasion. Neither arrived with any special plans. JFK floundered badly at the start; Bush held his own, but with no particular distinction. They were both transformed by direct, close-to-home (in Bush's case, *at* home) military challenges, in Cuba and downtown Manhattan.



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Earl Kelleny

In October '62, the United States uncovered a Soviet project to install nuclear missiles in Cuba. The administration decided on a naval blockade (which it called a "quarantine," because to "blockade" was an act of war); JFK announced that the Navy would turn back any ship carrying offensive weapons to Cuba, and demanded that Soviet missiles be removed and their launching sites torn down.

Many Europeans (especially intellectuals) were unenthusiastic about the American position. In Britain, "some questioned," Schlesinger wrote, "whether nuclear missiles really were in Cuba; maybe CIA was up to its old tricks. . . . Even Hugh Gaitskell [the prominent Labour politician] doubted the legality of the quarantine and wondered why Kennedy had not gone first to the United Nations." The Manchester *Guardian* explained that, if Khrushchev really *had* brought in nuclear missiles, he had "done so primarily to demonstrate to the U.S. and the world the meaning of American bases close to the Soviet frontier." The eminent British philosopher Bertrand Russell had already (some time before) thoughtfully pointed out that Kennedy and Khrushchev were "much more wicked than Hitler."

But luckily Khrushchev understood the issues much better than Western intellectuals did. In the end Soviet ships turned back, and the missiles were taken away.

GWB's Afghanistan and JFK's Cuba settled nothing for good. The Cold War continued for another generation beyond October '62. No one knows how long the war on terrorism will take. But in '01 as in '62, the world had been wondering (as it always seems to be . . .) whether America might not be "too liberal to fight." (That is a phrase the poet Robert Frost used in paraphrasing to JFK, liberally, some remarks with which Khrushchev had favored him. JFK exploded; he refused ever to speak to Frost again. To Kennedy, the insinuation that a liberal frame of mind might conduce to unsoldierly conduct was outrageous. Clearly in his case it *was* outrageous—to the extent we want to call him "liberal" at all.) Nothing was settled for good, but trading in "too liberal to fight" bon mots was suspended temporarily. And two presidencies snapped into focus, in October '62 and September '01, with two such decided clicks they were nearly audible.

Both men remained controversial, but were in a position to contemplate much bigger reelection victories than they had won at first. No one in his right mind ever called either of them a lightweight again.

JFK (and Bush senior) were decorated veterans. W. is not. (Serious doubts were cast in Kennedy's own lifetime on the hero-value of his famous PT-109 exploit, but the fact



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remains that he was there and he fought, and that matters.) On the other hand evidence suggests that, in his private and family life, Bush is substantially the better man. In Kennedy's farewell address to the Massachusetts legislature in January '61—he had been elected congressman and then senator from Massachusetts—he asked four questions by which, he said, politicians should be judged: "Were we truly men of courage?" "Were we truly men of judgment?" "Were we truly men of integrity?" "Were we truly men of dedication?" He had courage and dedication, beyond question. On private judgment and personal integrity, Bush wins.

After decades of ugly revelations about Kennedy's private life, especially his maniac philandering, naturally his reputation has suffered—not only among the revolted but among the envious. And questions have been raised that have yet to be seriously addressed. Back then, the press made a collective decision to conceal the facts. Such a thing could never happen today. JFK could never be elected today. We have heard all about the public's right to know.

We have heard far less about the public's right *not* to know. The early '60s news industry suppressed facts to protect the president; in itself, that was wrong. But it also acted to protect the dignity of public life, and the wholesomeness—a word that barely even exists anymore—of the national atmosphere in which citizens labor and children grow up. Here its motives resembled Kennedy's own when he signed the nuclear test ban treaty to help protect his fellow citizens from inhaling radioactive poison. Mankind has always been X-rated, but newspapers have not always been. We need to understand more about the public's right to remain ignorant. All in all, the country hasn't gained much by the abolition of taste.

And when we reevaluate Kennedy we must factor in, also, his constant pain: the never-ending injections, treatments, check-ups, pills; how much sleep he needed, how one leg ended up a quarter-inch shorter than the other, how narrow a range of food he could tolerate, how low his energy really was, how rotten he often felt. But he soldiered on. How can we not admire him for that?

What do we conclude? There are no brand new "emerging majorities," Democratic or Republican; that whole line of thought is nonsense. Public opinion has been amazingly consistent over half a century. What it thinks today strikingly resembles what it thought in the early 1960s. It wants a strong, assertive foreign policy—with constant reassurance that it is not warmongering or bullying. It wants a modest but effective nanny state at home. It believes in civil rights, equal opportunities, and all-around fairness, but only because they are right—not because America is a sinful nation with moral debts to work off. It wants lower taxes, but has a strange, puritan aversion to admitting it does. It holds fast to the dumb idea that you improve schools by spending more money on them. It views class-warfare, soak-the-rich schemes with amused contempt. It accepts that the United States will always have enemies—which is obvious, but was by no means clear to, say, Jimmy Carter or Bill Clinton.

Of course there have been huge changes in American culture since JFK; but they do not reflect huge changes in the national will. Between JFK's America and ours stands the Revolution of the Intellectuals. JFK himself had nothing to do with it. He brought academics and intellectuals into his administration, but so had FDR; that was no revolution. The actual break came between the late '40s and mid-'60s, when intellectuals took over the universities. Elite universities used to be social as much as intellectual institutions, but now intellectuals were *running* them, and then—with their tony colleges and their burgeoning ed schools, journalism schools, law schools, graduate schools—the U.S. intelligentsia was suddenly, overbearingly *all over* American society, where previously it had been too shy even to call up and ask for a date. The consequences were vast, and we are still living through them.

Today the trial lawyers establishment has replaced organized labor as the reigning selfish threat to the public good—and it is vastly more arrogant, anti-democratic, unprincipled, and rapacious than the unions ever were. The schools decline inexorably. Young men are kicked out of collegiate athletics so that young women can be represented "proportionately." It is still permitted to discuss God on publicly funded sidewalks; there is still a state called Indiana—but these are anomalies. When I heard a cable-TV documentary praising "the countless thousands of young American men and women who were drafted during World War II," or words to the effect, I knew that our national reeducation must be nearly complete. But these are cultural, not political developments. The weakness of American conservatism has always been its obsession with political as opposed to cultural issues.

Bush could be a far more important figure than JFK; on 9/11 he found his voice and his issue. He found his message—but has yet to find his medium.

Contemplating JFK makes it clear that the Bush style has been second-rate. The best style in the world won't help if you are wrong on the issues. But if you are right and your style is wrong, you are failing to make the most of your good judgment and good fortune. You are falling below the level of events.

Presidential style (Kennedy style, Reagan style) sounds like a fluffy, trivial proposition. Most Americans can't even say the *word* "style" without patronizing it. But the prose



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style of a Jefferson or Lincoln or Churchill changed history. If prose style matters, why shouldn't style in general? Why should we discount visual style? A president speaks to the world in words *and* images. Memorable presidential style partly just has to do with politics. But it can raise a nation's morale too, and stiffen its backbone, and change its outlook. It can affect a nation's reputation abroad, profoundly. Kennedy was wildly popular with young women and foreign governments, and the two facts are intimately related. He was a phenomenon, people said, on the order of Cary Grant or (yes) Elvis Presley. (Can you believe it, Jacqueline Bouvier confided to a cousin when she was going out with the future president, he gets his hair done *every day* to ensure maximum fluffiness? Back then men did not act like that. John F. Kennedy was a hair-care pioneer.) In his 1961 book, White reported that "Kennedy loped into his cottage with his light, dancing step, as young and lithe as springtime." We tend to dismiss this sort of love-letter mush—but if we do, we miss the point. White was a smart and polished sophisticate. That JFK got such men as White to write such stuff as this is the most important datum that has come down to us about politics in 1960.

The Bush administration can't imitate JFK's (or anyone else's) style. It needs its own. But it can ponder the JFK style and what it accomplished. At a minimum, it helped convert disinterested political support into emotional admiration. We don't know what the admiration would have accomplished for Kennedy in the 1964 presidential election; but it wouldn't have hurt. Emotional admiration versus mere intellectual assent certainly didn't do FDR any harm in 1936, or Reagan in '84. Bush has got the thoughtful support; if he fails to convert it to emotional admiration, that is his own fault.

The Bush administration's style is too keyed-up and (at the same time) slightly dowdy. If I were the president's political adviser, there are some photos I'd want to see: the president in the White House not talking, bantering, or crisply commanding; just thinking. Bush unaccompanied, Bush à la carte, leaning back comfortably or on a solitary stroll, reflecting. JFK mainly surrounded himself with political minor leaguers—but made the public believe that sparks flew when they were all together. (And maybe they did fly.) Bush's best people are at least as formidable as Bundy, McNamara, Robert Kennedy, Walter Heller; but they rarely seem to add up. Put (say) Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Rice, Kass, and Cheney around a table, tell them to make like they are discussing something, take a photo. Is that so much to ask? We understand that the president is close to his brother and his parents; Americans like that. More Bush family photos are in order. Ari Fleischer is good, but carries too much of the Bush-to-the-public burden; he needs to be spelled some of the time by a glitzier performer.

Most important: Bush needs to find the right way—his own way—to address the public. In his speeches (anyway in the bits we see on the news), he is almost always fortissimo, staccato, full-blast. In Oval Office photo-ops he seems wound up; he looks uncomfortable in those slippery, formal armchairs. Even on the ranch in his blue jeans, he's nearly always at full boil. Vigor is good, being in command is important—but the nation needs quiet time, too. As matters stand, this president is impressive but exhausting, and slightly forbidding.

JFK invented the televised news conference, and mastered it. Obviously that is not Bush's medium. FDR invented the fireside chat, and used it brilliantly; Reagan was master of the eye-contact, heart-to-heart TV address. Bush has no glittering JFK wit, lacks FDR's powerful charm and Reagan's impossibly warm and compelling delivery. But he has a winning personality all the same. In some ways he is the most appealing presidential personality since Truman (or maybe FDR, or even TR). He is funny and plainspoken, earnest without being pompous, sentimental without being corny; and he has great natural dignity. He could change the nation's mood if he found his medium. It's likely to be something like a televised fireside chat to a small friendly audience; he sits in a comfortable chair, relaxes, says his piece—but listens thoughtfully, too, to an occasional comment or question. In any case, nothing inherited; this will be a new, Bushian form.

To prepare the nation for war, a president should not only exhort, he should teach. Imagine three speeches about history: At Harvard he explains Munich and appeasement and Churchill. (The cultural elite has talked down to him from the start; once in a while, let him talk down to it. The country would enjoy that.) At the Smithsonian Institution, he gives a family-history speech, about his father in the Second World War (and opens an exhibit of World War II airplanes; the Smithsonian owns plenty, but hates to display them). Then to Miami to discuss JFK and the Cuban missile crisis. Afterwards he can publish the speeches in a book and call it *Profiles in Courage (Cont.)*. (*Profiles in Courage* was the collection of historical essays that was published under John Kennedy's name but was evidently, for the most part, other men's work.) Bush, unlike Kennedy, has never tried to pass himself off as something he is not. But a good president (bully pulpit and all) must teach, not just preach.

National mood matters, profoundly. Are Americans strong but defensive and jittery? Or strong, cool, and confident? The national mood could be far worse, and it could also be better. It's up to George W. Bush. This is his moment. In the long run this president could easily surpass JFK. In the meantime he could learn a lot from his glamorous, compassionate-conservative predecessor. ♦



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# "Puff Daddy Mayor"

"It's difficult to define a man as accomplished and as fine as you," the legendary Dutch mayor of New York City, Peter Stuyvesant, told Michael Bloomberg, New York's present mayor. "So why confuse your supporters with questionable issues like a smoking ban? You're not everyone's Daddy. You're everyone's mayor. It's as if everyone is your patient. You're no doctor. Stick to being a mayor. Trespass at risk on what's every Daddy's private property—his children are his responsibility, not yours. Daddys can tell their children for whom to vote, it could be not you."

"Continue," Mayor Bloomberg politely asked.

"Smoking is as nearly impossible to stop as it always was to make pedestrians cross the street at the green and not in between. You must remember that. It was laughable then as your smoking ban will be now."

"Go on."

"I will," the Dutchman assured him. "Put aside all the 'ifs' and 'ands' about no smoking. What you have left is only the 'butts'. I mean cigarette and cigar butts, mountains of them."

"So?"

"So prepare for a huge new bill to be paid by New York City taxpayers. For what? To clean up the mountains of cigarette and cigar butts left at the entrance to every bar and restaurant in town."

"And?"

"Mayor Mike, just watch the street gangs of kids scrounging around picking up half used cigarette and cigar butts. You think they won't? Well, just remember prohibition days. What roaming bands of kids can't get, they want," said Peter Stuyvesant.

"Go on."

"O.K. It's cold outside. Crowds line up to enter bars and restaurants. People exhale frozen breath. They're stopped at the entrance doors. Is it just their breath that's smoking from the cold? Are they hiding a cigarette or cigar? Which? So now you have to have experts with electronic devices like the ones before you board a plane. More cost, more nuisance."

"What else?"

"Holy places, Mayor Mike. There is sacred incense. It's smoke, it has to be checked. That's the ordinance or law. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. You have to be fair. Then what? Well now pious people don't just call it incense anymore. They call it 'Bloomberg's Nonsense.' That won't help you."

"More?"

"For sure. The Indians, America's first settlers. They're restless. No pipe smoke. They're off the reservations. They're out to get your scalp. You're prematurely bald all of a sudden."

"Go on."

"They say you have ambitions for higher office. You may well deserve as much but memorize these lines now.

"For Mike no cigars or cigarettes in wrappers white as snow.
"No evil smoke can exit from a restaurant or a bar's window.
"Alas, with his no puffing law there also went
"His last best chance to be elected president."

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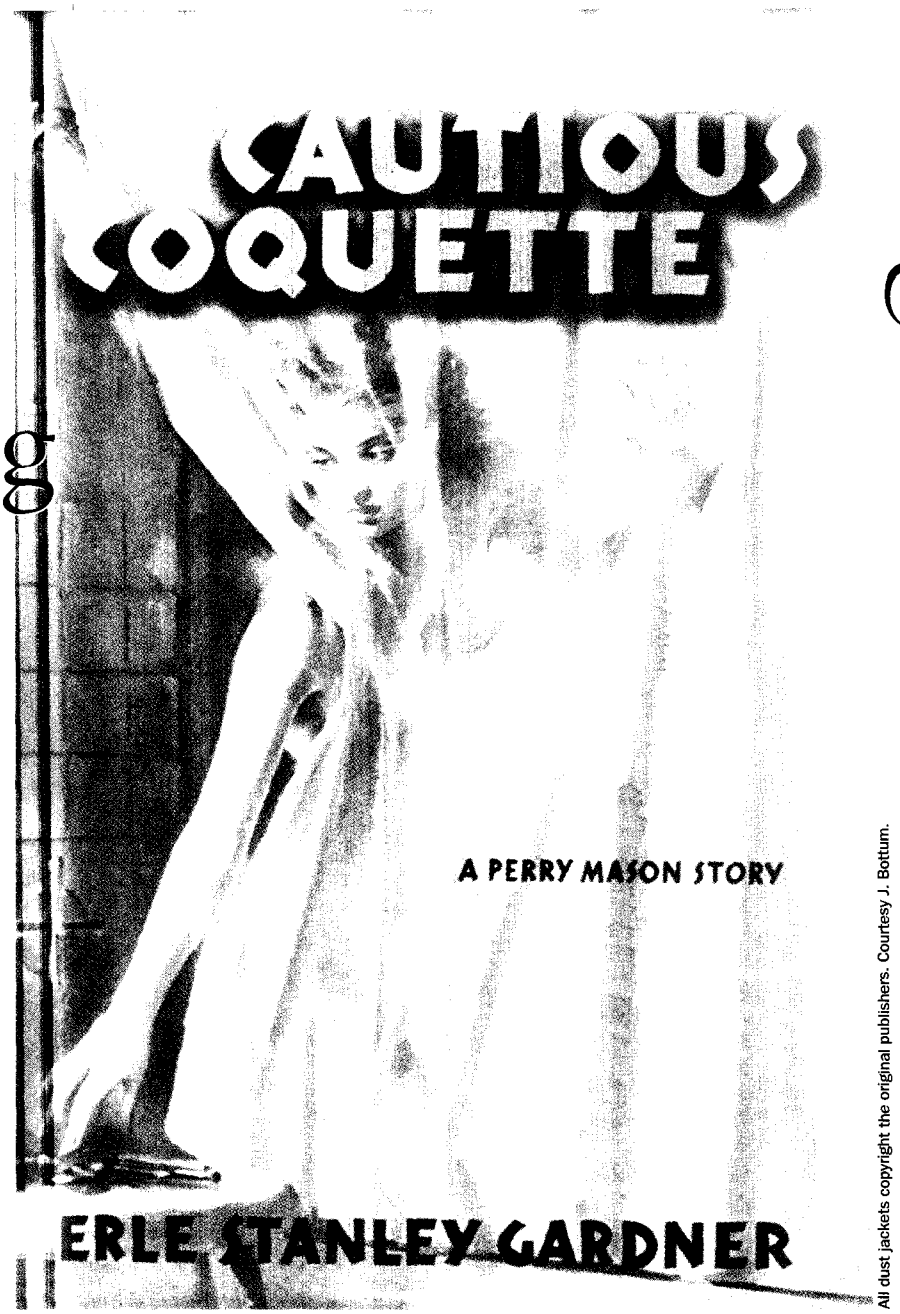
# The Case of the Bestselling Author

## *Why Perry Mason is an American Icon*

By S.T. Karnick

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Over the years, Perry Mason has become an American archetype: the wily lawyer who always gets his client off regardless of the niceties of legal procedure. Yet in the eighty-two books Erle Stanley Gardner wrote about his lawyer detective, published between 1933 and 1973, Mason remains largely an enigma beyond the work he does, and (unlike, say, Sherlock Holmes or Miss Marple) he never reveals much of a persona beyond his professional one. Indeed, Gardner's work rarely showed much concern for characterization, writing style, or moral ambiguity—which is probably why he was utterly ignored by the literary establishment and generally slighted even by his fellow mystery writers.

Nonetheless, for many years Erle Stanley Gardner was commonly listed as the bestselling fiction writer of all time (though the perennial Agatha Christie has now surpassed him), his books having sold well over 300 million copies. Nearly all the Mason novels are still in print, and reruns of the 1957-1966 CBS television program *Perry Mason* appear four times daily on the Hallmark Channel. Surely this deserves some serious consideration, if only for sociological reasons. And, in fact, once one starts to examine them, Erle Stanley Gardner and Perry Mason prove to merit a look, all on their own.

The Mason books differ greatly from the television series, even though Gardner personally supervised the show. When the first installments appeared in the early 1930s, mysteries were either hard-boiled (emulating Dashiell Hammett and the other *Black Mask* pulp writers) or relatively urbane (like the puzzle tales of Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie). Gardner somehow managed to write both at the same time. Like a Hammett private eye, Perry Mason is tough and relentless, actively investigating the crimes and willing to use his fists when necessary. In the second novel, *The Case of the Sulky Girl*, Gardner describes the lawyer as giving "the impression of bigness; not the bigness of fat, but the bigness of strength. He was broad-shouldered and rugged-faced, and his eyes were steady and patient. Frequently those eyes changed expression, but the face never changed its expression of rugged patience."

Mason's biggest weapon, however, is his mind, and he differs from his hard-boiled contemporaries in using logic to solve the crimes (although the cases are so intricate that it is usually all but impossible to determine whether Mason's arguments actually make

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sense). After Mason presents his elaborate solution in *The Case of the Counterfeit Eye*, District Attorney Hamilton Burger asks how he knew what had happened, and Mason says, "Simply by deductive reasoning." The Mason books further follow the puzzle form in forgoing the cynicism that pervaded the hard-boiled school of mystery story, where money inevitably corrupts and women are nearly always duplicitous.

Incorporating elements from both types of popular crime fiction, the Mason stories follow a strict but highly flexible formula unique to Gardner. First we encounter some strange and puzzling events that will lead to murder, either shown through third-person narration or told in first person as a character (often the one who will eventually be accused of the crime) relates the incidents to Mason in his Los Angeles office. So, for example, in *The Case of the Counterfeit Eye* (one of the very best entries in the series), a man hires Mason to find out who stole one of his custom-made bloodshot glass eyes.

Typically, this part of the story will introduce an attractive young female in distress. In *The Case of the Vagabond Virgin*, a rich businessman hires Mason to bail out a pretty, ingenuous young woman who has been charged with soliciting for prostitution. During these introductory chapters, Mason is highly skeptical, and he never assumes a witness is telling the truth. This proves a wise course, because the motivations and relationships in these sections are extremely complex and most of the characters are hiding various transgressions that prevent them from telling the truth.

The bizarre introductory events lead quickly to murder. Mason, confidential secretary Della Street, and hired detective Paul Drake (often with many operatives) hasten across the city and surrounding area (sometimes as far away as Bakersfield or San Francisco) to discover clues, alter evidence, talk with witnesses, and lay false trails for the D.A. and the police. In the early books in particular, it is in these sections, rather than the courtroom scenes, that Mason pulls off his most audacious stunts. In *The Case of the Vagabond Virgin*, for example, Mason traps a blackmailer by paying him off with a forged check, which results in the blackmailer's arrest. In *The Case of the Haunted Husband*, the lawyer lures an important but reluctant witness to Los Angeles by offering her a job as receptionist in Paul Drake's office. To keep the police from getting to one of his witnesses in *The Case of the Counterfeit Eye*, Mason hires a woman to rent an apartment in Reno so that the authorities will think that she is the missing witness.

*Erle Stanley Gardner*

William Morrow

In these chapters, Gardner frequently puts Mason and his assistants in direct, physical danger. In *The Case of the Haunted Husband*, for example, when a blackmailer's henchman tries to suffocate Della, Perry breaks down the door. The killer aims a .38 at him, but Della leaps forward and wrests the gun from his grasp. The killer then swings a chair at Mason, but the lawyer outboxes him: "Mason knocked the man's left aside and sent his fist crashing into the other's nose," Gardner writes. "He felt the cartilage flatten out under the impact of his fist. . . . The tall man tried to say something, but the words only bubbled through the red smear that had been his nose and lips."

Mason and his helpers often operate on the edge of provable obstruction of justice, and he is frequently threatened with arrest. The typical outcome is a courtroom scene, either a preliminary hearing or a trial, in which Mason uses his wiles and legal skill to prove his client innocent, usually before the case can go to a jury for deliberation. Justice is inevitably done in the Mason books, but it is always a close-run thing.

Gardner was a fiendishly inventive plotter, with a genuine ability to suggest multiple possibilities from a small number of facts: Some of the most startling passages are those in which Mason rattles off a series of different ways to interpret a situation. Still, although the novels deviated from the conventions of their time, they seldom strayed far from the initial pattern Gardner established for them. The Mason tales eventually became highly formulaic in their settings, characterizations, paucity of descriptive passages, reliance on dialogue, plodding writing style, and overall narrative form.

None of this explains why the books sold so well and Perry Mason became a piece of Americana. A big part of the answer lies in Gardner's blending of another pair of starkly contrasting and seemingly incompatible approaches to storytelling. Gardner designed the superficial aspects of his stories—the settings, situations, and characters—to be sufficiently familiar to engage the modern reader. But his narrative foundation was not realistic fiction. It was, rather, classic romance literature: knightly tales of quests and noble deeds.

Mason's quest is for justice, and Gardner's multimillion-dollar observation was that a lawyer could stand as the new knight, with his clients as beautiful damsels and oppressed peasants who needed protection from wicked and incompetent nobles, invading warlords, pirates, and rogue warriors. Knight-errantry was a conscious decision on Gardner's part. In their 1980 *Secrets of the World's Best-Selling Writer*, Francis and Roberta



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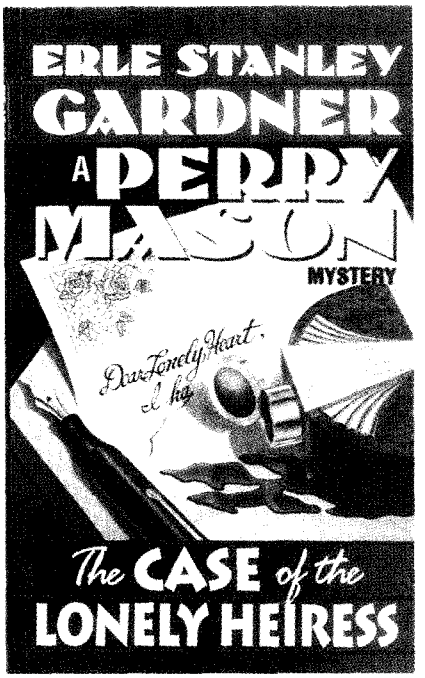


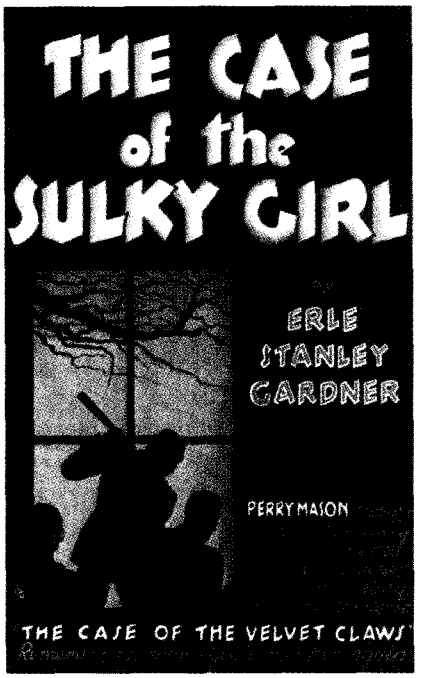

Fugate quote Gardner: "This is the vision of the knight charging to the aid of the damsel in distress. It is the fairy godmother touch of Cinderella, in which justice is brought to the downtrodden. And it also has something of Robin Hood because Mason's mind is about the same as Robin's bow and arrow."

The narratives and imagery of the Mason books make this intention clear. Mason tells an antagonist in *The Case of the Stuttering Bishop*, "I'm not merely a paid gladiator fighting for those who have the funds with which to employ me. I'm a fighter, yes, and I like to feel that I fight for those who aren't able to fight for themselves, but I don't offer my services indiscriminately. I fight to aid justice." In Gardner's modern romances, wealthy businessmen replace the barons, and government officials (usually corrupt) serve as their satraps. Gangsters replace the independent warlords, while playboys and idle young women are the new courtiers.

The jousting in the Mason books is done with the mind rather than lances, of course. The second paragraph of the first Mason book, *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, describes Mason: "His face in repose was like the face of a chess player who is studying the board. . . . He gave the impression of being a thinker and a fighter, a man who could work with infinite patience to jockey an adversary into just the right position, and then finish him with one terrific punch." The forum in which the contest takes place is the courtroom, and nearly all the Mason books culminate with an elaborate, complex trial or hearing. The prosecutor—usually District Attorney Hamilton Burger—presses forward doggedly, hitting Mason and his client hard, piling up a compelling case. Mason parries with all the tricks at his disposal, and the judge looks on in impartial dignity like a medieval king. In the end, Mason, the selfless, virtuous knight, invariably triumphs.

Mason is not unique in Gardner's fiction. When Gardner published his first Mason novel, in 1933, he had already written most of the more than 550 stories and short novels he produced for the popular but low-paying pulp magazines of the time. Among Gardner's many pulp knights are Paul Pry (an adventurer who preys on other criminals and takes their loot), the suave, sinister Dan Seller (the "Patent Leather Kid"), master of disguise Sidney Zoom, Señor Lobo (a professional soldier of fortune), free-lance espionage agent Major Brane, Speed Dash (a human fly), and crusading attorney Ken Corning (a precursor of Mason).

Although they use whatever means are necessary to achieve their aims, each of these heroes is something of an idealist, a crusader for justice, and usually operates well outside the law. So, of course, is Mason, and so also was Gardner himself, as a crusading lawyer, legal defender of Chinese immigrants, and founder of the real-life "Court of Last Resort" for prisoners wrongly convicted.

One of Gardner's most popular pulp protagonists was Ed Jenkins, a reformed criminal who is simultaneously pursued by both the police and various gangsters in seventy-four stories and novelettes. Another of Gardner's knights-errant from the pulps, Lester Leith, is a charming *bon vivant* who executes highly elaborate schemes to break up criminals' enterprises and recover stolen money, usually in the form of jewels, rare coins, or the like.

As with all romances, story takes precedence over characterization. Concealment of individuals, objects, and information is always a powerful motif in Gardner's work. In every Mason story, the lawyer hides a crucial witness or fact from the police, leading them astray and preventing them from assembling an airtight case against his client. Gardner further evokes classic romances by having his protagonists adhere to a clear code of honor: Although Mason flouts the rules and even breaks the law, he does so only in pursuit of justice, never for selfish reasons.



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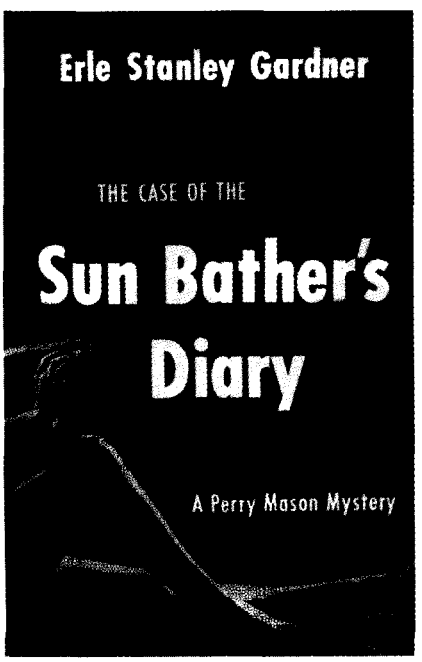
Chivalry toward women is a slightly different matter. Mason is as abrupt and rude toward a female liar as to a male one, and he knowingly sends Della into danger in several instances. He informs her of the hazards, of course, but unlike most romance heroes of the past, Mason is willing to put a lady at risk. Nonetheless, the clients for whom Mason places himself and others in jeopardy are usually women, and young, innocent ones at that—classic damsels in distress.

Finally, Gardner strongly evokes the past in his evident dislike of the social chaos of the modern age. He was fond of camping in the desert, and many of his characters explicitly seek out peace and quiet. In the numerous "Whispering Sands" crime stories he wrote for *Argosy*, Gardner waxes rhapsodic about the joys of seclusion in the desert, where the soothing quiet of nature is broken only by human depravity. And in the Mason series, the complexity and chaos of modern life are evident in the gnarled plots and the schemes that end in murder.

Gardner was skilled at creating formidable villains. In the early Mason novels, the lawyer's police antagonist is Sergeant Holcomb, a brutish policeman who despises the slick Mason and will resort to any means of putting him in jail. In *The Case of the Silent Partner*, Gardner wisely replaces him with Lieutenant Tragg, an intelligent, suave, and sophisticated man whom Mason respects. Although the two men are on opposite sides of any particular case and do their best to manipulate each other, they respect each other and seem to enjoy each other's company.




Mason's battles with Los Angeles district attorney Hamilton Burger are another matter. Mason describes him as "a pretty decent chap" in *The Case of the Counterfeit Eye*, the first novel in which Burger appears. At their initial meeting, Burger tells Mason that he respects the latter's trickery because it is intended not to free guilty persons but "to bring out the truth," adding, "I have been impressed by your work." But as Mason's victories over the broad-shouldered, thick-necked D.A. pile up, Burger comes to hate him and even tries to have him disbarred.

Like all real romances, the Mason tales show little interest in psychological examination and explanations. Gardner's insistence that people are responsible for their actions provides what the critic J. Kenneth Van Dover called a "stable moral background" for the stories. In *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, for example, the pervasive blackmail in the plot does not imply that all of society is fundamentally corrupt, as it would in a Hammett or Chandler novel. On the contrary, these transgressions reinforce the sense of justice at the center of the story. Mason's goal is not to ensure that nobody is held responsible for the crimes in question, only that his client is not wrongly convicted.

Mason's description of his preternaturally loyal secretary, Della, in *The Case of the Velvet Claws* strongly reflects this line of thinking: "Your family was rich. Then they lost their money. You went to work. Lots of women wouldn't have done that." This scene takes place during the early years of the Great Depression, when many people could have argued that their sufferings were not their fault. But Gardner will have none of this self-pity. Hence, in *The Case of the Stuttering Bishop*, Mason turns down a big fee to defend a man

he knows is guilty, tying together the classical motif of knight-errantry with the American respect for self-reliance. "I know it's a lot of money," he tells Della bitterly, "and I'm going to turn it down. That kid's nothing but the spoiled, pampered child of a millionaire. He's dished it out all his life and never learned to take it. So when he ran up against the first real setback he'd ever had, he grabbed a gun and started shooting. Now he says he's sorry, and thinks everything should be smoothed out for him."

It is in this way that the Mason novels differ most starkly from the hard-boiled school—in particular, from the works of Raymond Chandler, who also famously described his detective, Phillip Marlowe, as a knight. Gardner came first, of course, and Chandler was an admirer of the Perry Mason series, lauding, in a 1946 letter to Gardner, the latter's "artistic performance" and "intensity." Marlowe, however, is not a true modern knight. He and his kind usually have a code, albeit rather flexible and inconsistent, but their adversaries are seldom bound by it. In the Mason series, by contrast, both defender and prosecutor observe the same code of honor. In *The Case of the Demure Defendant*, Mason tells



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Drake, "I sometimes do things that will expose the weakness of the police theory, . . . but I don't go around planting evidence in order to compound murders."

This code of ethics is part of something bigger: Gardner's view of religious faith. Characters pray, and their prayers are answered. In the Ed Jenkins novelette "In Full of Account," the narrator-protagonist, in a tight fix, says, "So I prayed a short prayer that I was acting on the right hunch and slipped away in the dark shadows of the yard." His decision proves correct. Gardner's tales are also peppered with religious allusions and images, and the Christian theme of self-sacrifice runs throughout his fiction.

Perry Mason himself has a spiritual side, though it usually remains hidden. In Chapter 17 of *The Case of the Haunted Husband*—one of the best single chapters in all of mystery fiction—Mason comforts a woman who is depressed because of her husband's death. He says, "If only we had the vision to see the whole pattern of life, we'd see death as something benign." Then, through what he describes as "simply the application of what you might call legal logic to the scheme of existence," he shows her how nature indicates that the human soul lasts beyond death. The woman says, "I guess I'm getting my faith back." Characters in quite a few of Gardner's tales talk explicitly about God and the strength they can draw from him, as in the D.A. Doug Selby novel *The D.A. Calls It Murder* and the Whispering Sands story "The Whip Hand." The latter, in fact, ends with the words, "'I guess there's a God after all,' she said softly."

A good plot is a very pleasing thing, but the pervasive recognition that God is watching, that justice will ultimately be done, and that there are good and unselfish people in the world was a rare thing in twentieth-century popular fiction. That is probably the real reason Erle Stanley Gardner became one of the bestselling authors of all time and why, for all their deficiencies, his books are still in print and still worth reading. ♦

# The Goddess that Failed

*Feminism reaches the end of the road.*

**BY SUSIE CURRIE**

"You who come of a younger and happier generation . . . may not know what I mean by the Angel in the House," wrote Virginia Woolf. "She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg. If there was a draft, she sat in it—in short, she was so constituted that she never had a mind or wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others."

**The Bitch in the House**
*26 Women Tell the Truth About Sex, Solitude, Work, Motherhood, and Marriage*
ed. by Cathi Hanauer
William Morrow, 304 pp., $23.95

Sounds like an ideal housemate to me. Woolf, though, went on to issue the Angel's death warrant, advising aspiring writers to sacrifice her to the muse. Many have, notably Sylvia Plath (a 1993 biography of her is subtitled "Killing the Angel in the House").

Considering the end both writers met (suicide), one might conclude that theirs was not exactly the path to utopia. Still, many women continue to follow in their footsteps.

Ah, but once the Angel is gone, someone else steps in. We meet her, in several incarnations, in *The Bitch in the House: 26 Women Tell the Truth About Sex, Solitude, Work, Motherhood, and Marriage.* Dish they do—redundantly at times, since everyone, including editor Cathi Hanauer, seems to be a harried writer or editor living in New York or California. I'm not sure whether it's a compliment or an oversight that my cohort, full-time moms, was ignored here. It is we, after all, who are in the house most; we seem to be at least as likely to morph into Mr. Hyde as our employed sisters.

In fact, when I picked up the book, I was looking for some reassurance that I was not the only mother sometimes to find herself hoarse by dinnertime, and not from a chest cold. I found it in a few of the essays. Elissa Schappell's "Crossing the Line in the Sand" is a gem. She describes her own family's approach to anger: "We drowned it in cocktails, or ate it with chocolate frosting, or left the room and let it starve." As a parent, she wishes for a bracelet that says "WWMBD" (What Would Mrs. Brady Do?).

For some, anger is a way of life. Self-described crank Natalie Angier writes that her four-year-old daughter, after listening to her tirade about President Bush refusing to fund international abortions, drew a picture of Mom crying with a thought balloon containing a dead person. The figure in the balloon was Bush: "You're wishing that he was dead." Mom's reaction was to give the girl a hug "after laughing with surprise, not to mention maternal pride in an offspring's cleverness." Yikes.

Lockstep feminism rears its head more than once. Marriage as a tool of the patriarchy? Does anyone who isn't a Womyn's Studies major really believe that one anymore, when brides hold on to their surnames, careers, and separate bank accounts?

Often, though, the writers are surprisingly clear-eyed about what the mindset has cost them. "Sometimes it seemed that feminism was the only thing that mattered to me in my life," writes Angier, echoing a recurring

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theme. "And to be honest, it wasn't making my life very happy."

The book stands as an unwitting testimony to traditional courtship and marriage. Sharing an address with a series of underemployed strangers is not, as it turns out, all that fulfilling. Sex columnist Sarah Miller admits that although her articles made her sex/love life sound like "some wild amusement park ride," it was actually "the source of pain and endless disappointment." She has never had the kind of boyfriend who would pick her up at the airport, not even the one she moved in with two weeks after their first date.

Another woman has such a liberating, grown-up sex life with a married man (among other genders) that she ends up living at home with her parents and her biracial baby. I mention race because the author does. Repeatedly.

The essayists, for the most part, sneer at their apron-wearing, Stroganoff-making, housewife moms (although one piece is grudgingly titled, in part, "Why I Hate That My Mother Was Right"). But depictions of their own lives, littered as they are with broken, confused, temporary, and dissolved relationships (not to mention the stratospheric stress levels in a double-income family with small children), make June Cleaver's lot look very good indeed.

Many contradict themselves, like the woman who celebrates having an open marriage . . . but uses a pseudonym and, on her husband's tryst nights, waits up all night watching B movies in his dirty socks until he returns. Or another, also using a pen name, who admiringly lists her full-time mom's endless, varied job description . . . then belittles her for fulfilling it without question.

When did we get the idea that for men and women to be equal, they had to be interchangeable? I, too, was a magazine writer in my past life, the one before I could recite "Goodnight Moon." But my new career always seemed to me at least as important as my husband's. Paying the bills is a necessary evil, but molding the next generation of ballerinas and firemen is an awesome responsibility—and privilege.

Ellen Gilchrist's piece recalls introducing her three young sons to one of her Millsaps College professors, Eudora Welty, during a chance meeting on campus. "Why would you need anything else?" asked the single, childless, renowned Welty. "Why would you need to be a writer?"

Of course, it's hard to embrace motherhood when you resent your gender. One essayist remembers realizing at a tender age that the fairer sex was actually considered "inferior to boys and men in nearly every way that counted." Another credits feminism with "deepening [her] understanding of [herself] as a person born into the wrong sex."

Huh? This sounds like masculinism. True feminism, to my mind, is one that celebrates what Pope John Paul II calls the "feminine genius," and this extends (but is not limited) to biology.

Someone once said that the husband is the head of the household, but the wife is the neck. Or at least she used to be. Now, she wants to be another head, and in so assimilating the masculine virtues, she discards the feminine ones that are necessary for family and society.

Aristotle's definition of love is to will the good of another. That, of course, is what the Angel is all about. Was it really that she never had a mind or wish of her own, or that she had the self-mastery to realize that what she wanted to do was not necessarily what she ought to do? It's being a bitch that's easy.

Hanauer and her sisters are part of the younger generation Woolf was addressing, and they've followed her advice, weeding charm, selflessness, and sacrifice out of their lives at every turn. But happier? No. ♦

# The Horror! The Horror!

*"Monk" Lewis's Gothic masterpiece.*

**BY ALAN JACOBS**

The London stage, in the time of the first Queen Elizabeth, fairly swarmed with Spaniards and Italians. There are Antonios and Antonias, Lorenzos, Isabellas, and Claudios beyond counting. Shakespeare gives us both a Borachio and a Bassanio, neither of whom is to be confused with John Webster's Brachiano. The student of Elizabethan drama, lost among the Mediterranean vowels, quickly becomes thankful for the unusual (Hieronymo, Iago) and even the frankly bizarre (Ambitioso, Supervacuo).

**The Monk**
by Matthew Lewis
Oxford University Press, 442 pp., $20

But even if they had less similar names, it would still be difficult to keep all these people straight, because most of them behave the same way. As good Latins, they are passionate and superstitious. They instantly obey the prompting of the emotional moment and live to regret it (unless they're murdered before regret can set in). Lust and vengeance are their prime movers. Or, to encapsulate the whole matter: They're southern and Catholic. What else could a sober, Protestant Englishman, protected from excess of

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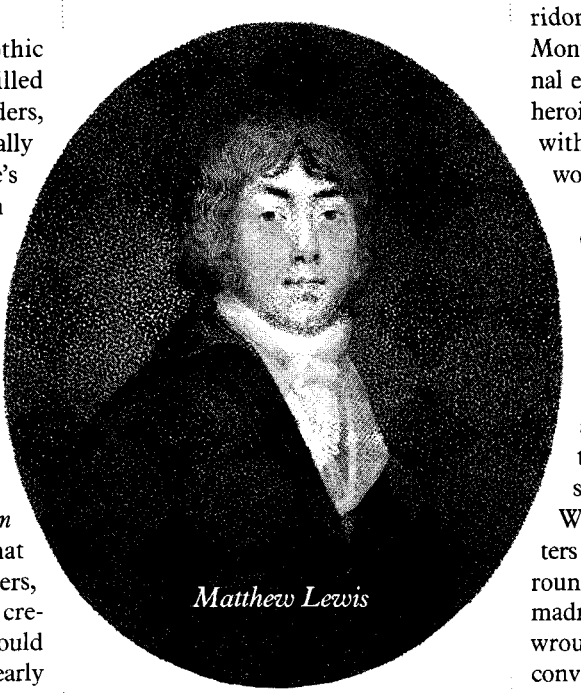
passion not only by his faith but also by the damp cool weather, expect from people doubly addled by sunstroke and false religion?

Two centuries later, when a nineteen-year-old Oxford student named Matthew Lewis wrote his Gothic horror tale *The Monk* (1796), the English attitude toward their neighbors from the south seemed to have changed little. Lewis populated his book with an Antonio, a Lorenzo, a Matilda, and an Ambrosio, set them down in Madrid, and counted on all the stock responses to kick in. (Oddly, he gave the Marquis de las Cisternas the forename Raymond; the absence of the ultimate "o" is inexplicable.)

The genre of the English Gothic novel—ornate, sensational, filled with all the trappings of murders, ghosts, and ruined abbeys—is usually said to begin with Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764). It ran through such books as William Beckford's *Vathek* (1786), Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and Jane Austen's parody *Northanger Abbey* (written in 1798). "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff," says young, foolish Mr. Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey*; "there has not been a tolerably decent one come out since *Tom Jones*, except *The Monk*; I read that t'other day; but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation." Foolish or not, the Gothic would reach a second efflorescence in the early nineteenth century with Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) and Charles Robert Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820).

Of all these, *The Monk* is the most ornate and sensational, and the true classic of its kind, in large part because it takes its supernatural trappings far more seriously than its rivals. Oxford University Press is right to reissue it, though this edition has problems. It's a reprint of an earlier Oxford World's Classics text, with the addition of hard covers and a new and entirely appropriate introduction by Stephen King. What King has to say is interesting, especially as he seems to feel a close kinship with Matthew Lewis, but he gets the name wrong of one of the main characters (it is Matilda, not Martha), and the book is littered with dozens of pointless asterisks—pointless because the explanatory notes which they once indicated have been excised from this edition, presumably to make room for King's introduction. Somebody at Oxford University Press should have been more careful.

To get the full Gothic feeling of *The Monk*, all you have to do is plunge right in. By the end of the second chapter we have had love at first sight, a secret letter intercepted by a dangerous stranger, a pregnant nun's botched escape from her convent, a young woman disguised as a monastic novice, dire prophecies by a wild Gypsy woman, a threatened suicide, the venom of a poisonous "Cientipedoro" serpent sucked from a wound by the victim's besotted lover, and the sexual corruption of the most revered preacher in Madrid—all presented to us in prose like this:


*Matthew Lewis*

> The Friar's eyes followed with dread the course of the dagger. She had torn open her habit, and her bosom was half exposed. The weapon's point rested upon her left breast: And Oh! that was such a breast! The Moon-beams darting full upon it, enabled the Monk to observe its dazzling whiteness. His eye dwelt with insatiable avidity upon the beauteous Orb.

It is a style appropriate to Spanish Catholics, at least as the English imagined them. But Lewis was not content to stop there. His genius was to combine these long-cherished stereotypes with what was at the time the new genre of the Gothic, and to turn up the heat quite dramatically under the whole vile mixture—a mixture which we must imagine bubbling nastily in a black cauldron.

As King writes, the settings and plots of Ann Radcliffe, who even more than Walpole popularized the Gothic novel, "would be familiar to any modern-day reader of Harlequin or Silhouette Romances. There are rooms reputed to be haunted by ghosts, hidden corridors, and sinister fellows like Count Montoni; but in the end there is a rational explanation for everything, and the heroine trundles happily off to the altar with her virginity and her serene worldview intact."

Not for Lewis such "rational explanations." The truth for his characters usually turns out to be far worse than they have imagined. Though Lewis borrows some of the Radcliffean apparatus (and, oddly, a number of her characters' names), his idea of storytelling owes more to Shakespeare's strange younger contemporary Webster, who has one of his characters torment a virtuous woman by surrounding her with dancing, screaming madmen and by showing her cunningly wrought waxwork figures intended to convince her that her husband and children are dead. (The stage direction *Gives her a dead man's hand* is a memorable one.)

But Lewis, who has no need to worry about what can convincingly be represented on stage, is free to go far beyond the most sinister moments in Webster—and he's happy to exercise his freedom: Stephen King doesn't call him "the Johnny Rotten of the Gothic novel" for nothing. Such are the horrors Lewis puts his characters through that, when we are told of one minor character that "in an excess of passion She broke a blood-vessel, and expired in the course of a few hours," the only surprise



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Art Resource, NY. Previous page: Bettmann / CORBIS

is that it didn't happen to the lot of them.

Lewis's narrative exuberance is certainly that of a young man—the book reminds me of the screenplays written by over-caffeinated undergraduates—but that exuberance is also the key to the book's success and lasting influence. By the time Lewis is done, few standard narrative tricks remain in his bag; and almost every scene reminds us of some other story, whether the Prometheus myths, Sleeping Beauty, some of the stories in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, or *Paradise Lost*. There's a lengthy story-within-the-story that is obviously derived from *Don Quixote*, and just when you think Lewis can't throw anything else into the cauldron, he comes up with a riff on Oedipus.

Now, to some degree Lewis's imagination is simply that of the typical adolescent: When he describes for us a magical mirror that enables a man to watch an innocent girl disrobe before taking a bath, or when the same man uses what amounts to a date-rape drug on the same girl—only to be thwarted at the last moment by the sudden appearance of her mother at the bedroom door—we realize that it is but a few short steps from *The Monk* to *Animal House* or *American Pie*. But however short those steps, they are significant, for in Lewis's fictional universe such instruments and charms are the province of black magic and the worship of Satan.

Lewis leavens his lumps of misery with humor, in what he clearly hopes is a Shakespearean manner—he even has a Porteress at a convent gate who is supposed to remind us of the Porter in *Macbeth*. (Indeed, almost every chapter in *The Monk* is preceded by an epigraph from Shakespeare; the very first one lets us know that Lewis's Ambrosio, the monk of the book's title, is modeled on Angelo from *Measure for Measure*.) And there's a nice moment when one Dame Jacintha exclaims, "Oh! I am the most unfortunate woman alive! My House is filled with Ghosts and dead Bodies, and the Lord knows what besides; Yet I am sure, nobody likes such company less than I do."

But such comic relief notwithstanding, Lewis is forthright in setting the moral context for his tale: The deceits, imprisonments, tortures, rapes, and murders that litter the book's pages are clearly marked as the Devil's work. Perhaps, as in Mozart and da Ponte's *Don Giovanni* (another work *The Monk* seems to have drawn on), the presence of dark spirits and supernatural powers is just part of the show—adding thrills and chills—but it has its effect nonetheless. When, at that opera's end, the animate statue of the Commendatore cries out for Don Giovanni to repent, then drags the rake down into the flames of Hell, that's not merely the *frisson* of aesthetic pleasure you feel at the back of your neck; it's the almost imperceptible rising of your suppressed recognition that sins will be punished.

Likewise, the rapidly progressing degradation of Ambrosio—who, as King points out, is both the villain and the protagonist of this story—makes a powerful impression. Long before I read the novel, I was aware of the depths to which Ambrosio would sink, but even halfway through the book I couldn't imagine how Lewis would deliver him to those depths. Yet the descent, when described, was convincing; I saw how someone able to achieve, even temporarily, a seemingly plausible justification for an evil act can then progress to more and more serious ones; and as long as the faculty of self-justification holds out, the descent can continue until there is no depravity left to sink to.

What is most remarkable is Lewis's ability to trace this descent without ever making Ambrosio into a mere monster; he is recognizably human throughout, and his conscience never falls silent, though its voice grows weaker and weaker. When he pays the price for his sins, one is shocked for a moment at the horror of it—until one pauses to catalogue his crimes, which have proliferated malignantly; then it all makes sense. Who knows what Matthew Lewis really thought of the moral world he created? Such a shockingly profound retribution for Ambrosio may well be the familiar tribute that vice pays to virtue; but it's a tribute well paid. No one in *Animal House* had to come face to face with Satan. ♦



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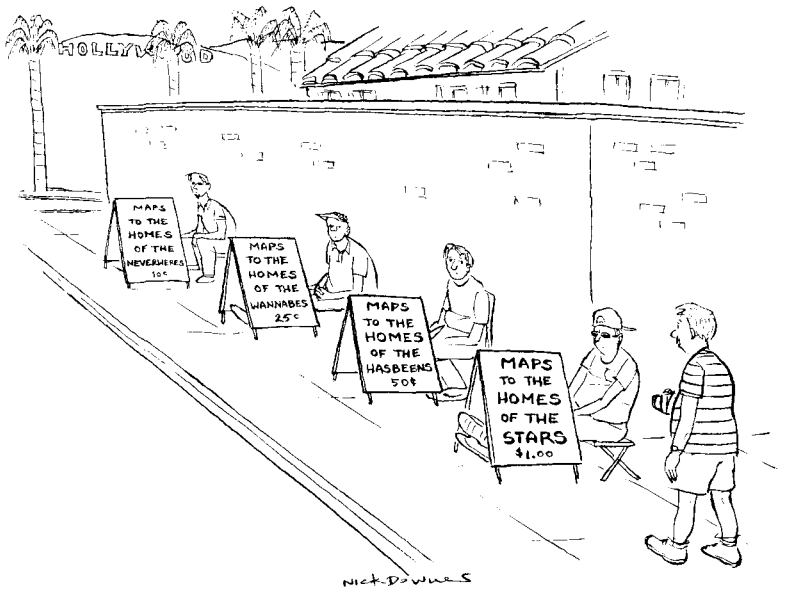


## Books in Brief

***Useful Idiots: How Liberals Got It Wrong in the Cold War and Still Blame America First* by Mona Charen (Regnery, 263 pp., $27.95).** Many of my liberal friends are skeptical or undecided about war in Iraq. At the same time, nearly all of them went out of their way, during the recent anti-war protests, to explain that the protesters—with signs comparing America with Nazi Germany or extolling the virtues of Iraqi democracy—struck them as stark raving loonies. However, Mona Charen reminds us that the opinions of the loonies are often not as far from the opinions of the liberals as my friends would like them to be.

In any case, many liberals, after doting on the Soviet Union, flacking for the Viet Cong, marching for a nuclear freeze, stumping for the Sandinistas, and comparing the United States unfavorably with every tin pot dictator and Stalinist on the planet, had the gall to pretend, post-1989, that they had been anti-Communists all along.

*Useful Idiots* does not claim to contain much original reporting and makes no attempt to be comprehensive. It aims, rather, to call into question the judgment of a political class. Charen explains she isn't indiscriminately targeting all liberals—although, she observes, "*Great Liberal Cold Warriors* would make a very short book." She is occasionally too dismissive of the damaging effects of irresponsible anti-communism. But her broad point is well made and important.

*—Jeremy Lott*

***The Values Divide: American Politics and Culture in Transition* by John Kenneth White (Chatham, 270 pp., $22.95).** Democratic commentator Paul Begala, author of *It's Still the Economy, Stupid*, was a sad sight as the election returns came in last November. John Kenneth White had reason to be more sanguine. His own book, *The Values Divide*, correctly predicted that candidates who best articulated voters' values would win. Indeed, according to White, American elections have *always* turned on values.

In the aftermath of September 11, White points out, 64 percent of Americans believed the United States is on the right path morally. Most people credited the GOP with this upswing, and sure enough, George Bush's Republicans took control of Congress last fall.

Earning the privilege of representing Americans' shared values isn't simple. White says that though we cherish tolerance, community, self-reliance, individual freedom, and fair play, we differ passionately on how these are defined. Take "community." This idea might evoke one image for a Democrat from a "blue" enclave, while a Bush supporter confronted with it might picture something quite different. Successful politicians and parties bridge this chasm by emphasizing broad-stroke common values. After September 11 Bush skillfully rallied the electorate behind duty, patriotism, and community, and won back Congress.

But not by much. A key feature of the values divide is the way it cleaves the nation into evenly populated cultural cantons. White describes how these took shape: Libertarian and establishment Republicans yielded ground to liberal Democrats in the Northeast and movement conservatives in the South and Southwest. Dixiecrats either morphed into or were replaced by conservative Republicans.

*The Values Divide* provides a clear, persuasive description of the forces that drive American politics, and a model for forecasting national election results in the near term. Unfortunately, when White launches into longer-term pronouncements, he doesn't present finished arguments. He fervently hopes that America's values divide will be repaired by "Generation 9-11," a cadre of 20-something MTVers united by national tragedy and a commitment to tolerance as an absolute value. But he doesn't explain how they will close the divide, and his awkward try at generation-branding comes off as a lame attempt at hipness. "Values will continue to matter more than ever before," he writes, "but it is our politics that remains unable to cope."

And yet, our politics *is* coping. The political noise White disdains is the discordant racket of accommodation. Progress may be slow, painful, and ugly, but sometimes that's what democracy looks like.

*—Timothy Ireland*



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**Spy novelist John le Carré says it's now "worse than McCarthyism" in the United States, with all dissent crushed under labels like "anti-Semitic." He has a friend in California who "drove to his local supermarket with a sticker on his car saying: 'Peace is also Patriotic.' It was gone by the time he'd finished shopping."**

***—News item***

## The Spy Who Blamed Bush for it All



but Leamas said nothing, just peered through his binoculars down the Bel Air hills at the desolate Brentwood wasteland below.

"You said he'd bring the hors d'oeuvres and it's already seven," the publishing assistant said with a tone of irritation. "How long will you wait?"

Leamas turned on her. "Book agents don't have schedules. He's publicly opposed the use of force, his cover's been blown. Wolfowitz is after him and he's scared. Let him choose his time."

The intercom buzzed and the party chatter halted, everyone alert. "Black Volvo station wagon, California plates," the Mexican gatekeeper's voice announced. Karl's car. But not Karl. "One guest, a Meez Elveera."

Pushing up his collar against the chill American air, Leamas walked out to the tennis court, its chain-link sidings like the fence of a concentration camp, he thought. When the Volvo rolled up to a stop, Leamas pushed passed the valets and said to the driver, "Where is he?"

"They came for him in the imported cheese aisle and he ran. We switched cars."

"Where did he go?"

"To the back, behind the row where they keep the wine and fizzy water. He'll hide there a while, and then he'll come over."

"He told you that?"

"Yes, he knows one of the cash-register girls, her father is a Democrat. It may help. That's why Karl chose that grocery."

"And he told you *that*?"

"He trusts me. He told me everything."

"Christ."

Leamas walked back inside, out of the cold. That damned woman, he thought, and Karl's damned crush on her. Just that morning they'd had a fight about Elvira, about the security risks, about the too-obvious "Peace is also Patriotic" bumper sticker she'd affixed to the Volvo, but Karl wouldn't hear it.

Leamas pointed his binoculars back to Westwood Boulevard, a synagogue on one end of the dark block, a bank branch on the other, and Trader Joe's, a tiny oasis of light, in the middle. He grimaced. Karl had picked the wrong supermarket. Wolfowitz controlled this quadrant. His men were sure to be around.

Then Leamas saw him, unmistakable in his tux, pushing a grocery cart. He's made it, thought Leamas, he's past the checkout, only the bag-help boys to go. Karl slid his cart off the curb, waved casually at the attendants. Don't overdo it, Leamas thought. The bag-help boys waved back. He was through, it had worked after all, the cheese would soon arrive.

A few paces into the parking lot, though, Karl seemed to tense, apprehend some danger, he looked over his shoulder, he pushed the cart faster, so its wheels spun in little circles on the asphalt. Then the rooftop searchlights went on, white as ice, locking Karl in their glare. Leamas could hear the faint wail of a siren followed instantly by automatic rifle fire, Uzis he guessed. Somehow his friend kept moving, still staggering forward with the groceries, almost there, until more shots came and he sagged to the ground, tipping over the cart as his life spilled away, and with it, the cheese.

Leamas lowered the binoculars, stepped back outside, and found himself staring at Karl's Volvo, now orphaned, forlorn. Someone had scratched off the bumper sticker.



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# Germany, Iraq, and the Security Council

**Russell A. Berman is a senior fellow, by courtesy, at the Hoover Institution and the Walter A. Haas Professor in the Humanities at Stanford University.**

The relationship between the United States and Germany, once a pillar of the Atlantic community, has grown strained. Differences erupted during last fall's German elections, when Chancellor Gerhard Schröder chose to attack U.S. policy on Iraq to appeal to leftist voters. After the campaign was successful, Schröder counted on ties to Washington getting back to normal. But instead matters may be about to get worse.

On January 1, 2003, Germany began a new two-year term on the Security Council, along with other new members Angola, Chile, Pakistan, and Spain. In February the German ambassador to the United Nations (UN), Gunter Pleuger, will take his turn as president of the Security Council for one month and thus play a key role in structuring the proceedings at the precise moment that the Iraq debate may come to a head. The report of the UN arms inspectors is scheduled to come out in late January, putting Germany at the center of the UN debate on Iraq.

**Schröder's political debt is about to come due.** During the campaign he insisted that President Bush was pursuing an "adventure" in Iraq and that Germany would not participate in an invasion, even with United Nations support. Such a dismissal of a potential UN mandate appears odd for a country about to hold the presidency of the Security Council.

If Germany keeps Schröder's campaign promise and votes against an invasion, relations with Washington will grow worse. If, however, Germany votes for an invasion, Schröder will be in the uncomfortable situation of supporting the same invasion at the United Nations that he denounces at home. His credibility as chancellor would be greatly diminished.

This quandary reflects deep predispositions in German public opinion. When Americans look at the Second World War and conclude that appeasing a dictator is bad policy, Germans draw a different lesson: All wars are as wrong as the one they unleashed. Schröder's attack on Bush's Iraq policy appeals to this sentiment.

Moreover, an anti-American subculture continues to thrive in Germany, in part a legacy of East German communism. Suspicion of the United States, although surely a minority position in Germany, is large enough to influence policy and drive elections.

To repair German-American relations, German leaders must address this anti-Americanism head-on. **Germany's separate path of foreign policy not only has hurt relations with Washington, but has begun to isolate Germany in Europe.** Even though Germany is a leading proponent of European integration, its Iraq policy has slowed down prospects for a united European foreign policy. Germany is at odds with England and France, both of which are much more hawkish.

Meanwhile, in Eastern Europe, where memories of American leadership in the cold war are stronger than in Germany, the large and pro-American crowds that welcomed Bush in November in Vilnius and Bucharest contrast markedly with the anti-American demonstrators in Berlin in May. What Germany does in the Security Council can begin to repair the damaged relations with the United States or can make a difficult situation even worse.

*— Russell A. Berman*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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